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DEVOTED TO AGRICULTURE, HORTICULTURE, THE FARM AND THE GARDEN,

AND

NEW ENGLAND JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

THE FIRESIDE, RURAL LIFE, LITERATURE, USEFUL ARTS, NEWS, &C.

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Editorial.

WOOD LANDS.

There are few towns in New England which do not contain considerable tracts of land that is not too rough, or too poor for cultivation, that ought to be devoted to wood or timber land. Most of the high rocky hills are well adapted to the growth of wood, and are really unfit for anything else. When left to take their natural course they will come up to wood, but not as readily or as even as when assisted by the hand of man; besides nature does not always introduce the kinds of trees that man desires the most, therefore it is best to assist nature by the introduction of such kinds of trees as are thought to be the most desirable or best adapted to each particular location.

On rocky hills few trees will grow better than the chestnut. This is a tree that is not only readily grown from the seed, but it is a very rapid growing tree and always valuable for timber. An acre of chestnut trees, of 25 years growth, is worth quite a large sum of money for railroad ties, and it being a tree that readily sprouts, a second crop starts up and grows more rapidly than the first, so a tract of land once covered with chestnut trees becomes of permanent value.

The black walnut is a tree that grows quite rapidly and is a valuable tree for timber; its growth should be encouraged. The butternut is also a thrifty hardy tree, but grows best in a strong soil; the wood is used in ornamental work. The oak is a very valuable timber tree, but slow growth when grown from the seed. Seedlings should be started among other trees, such as the *white pine or grey birch; thus* passing the early stages of its growth in the shade of other trees, without interfering with their growth.

Besides the rough rocky hills we have many poor sandy plains that are of but little profit for cultivation, which might be covered with trees. On such land the white pine is probably one of the best trees to introduce; it is easily grown from the seed, or it can be readily transplanted when less than twelve inches high. It grows quite rapidly on even poor soil, and when grown is always in good demand for a great variety of purposes, and is likely in the future to be of even more value than in the past. While there are large tracts of land that have a natural growth of pine on them, there are thousands of acres of waste land, that by a little exertion might be covered with these very desirable trees.

In the past the farmers have cleared their land of forests, or permitted it to come up to wood just as chance dictated; but in the future there should be careful thought and intelligent direction in regard to, not only to what land shall be kept in wood, but also what particular kind of wood shall be grown on each field. If this could have been done a half century or a century ago, the farms of New England would now have been of much more value than they now are. Instead of clearing many of the rough hills our grandfathers should have let them alone, or they should have encouraged on them the growth of the better class of timber trees. What land they cleared should have been low land, or land in a condition for easy cultivation; by so doing they would have kept up and improved their wood lands, and at the same time had for cultivation much better land than they now have.

Whatever may have been in the past, it is very evident that in the future our wood lands will be valuable only for timber. The introduction of coal has very largely stopped the consumption of wood for fire purposes, and reduced the value of standing wood, but for timber our wood land is every year growing more valuable, and there is every reason to believe that this will continue until some better material is discovered for manufacturing purposes, therefore by a little foresight and some labor in the right direction to assist nature in the introduction of trees that are of the right kind to furnish the timber that is most likely to be in demand, we shall be amply paid for our wisdom and labor.

While with proper care and direction we may make our waste lands quite valuable, we can at the same time improve the condition of the cultivated fields, and the value of our streams for manufacturing purposes by covering the hills with forests to hold back the water until such time as it is most needed to moisten the soil in the valleys, or swell the stream for manufacturing purposes.

It is a well known fact that rain falling on a hilly country covered with forests will more readily penetrate the soil and slowly find its way to the plains and valleys below than when it falls on a hilly country that has a surface exposed to the direct rays of the sun; in the latter case the surface becomes hard and dry, so that when the water strikes it, it at once runs down the hill and soon reaches the rivers, to be at once carried off to the ocean without having penetrated the earth at all, and that too, most of it, at a season when the water is not needed for either agricultural or mechanical purposes.

It is very evident to those who have given attention to the subject, that we need some systematic effort to preserve the wood lands on the hills, that we may be able to prevent drouth on the lands below. The loss of the forests on the low lands is not of so much consequence as the loss of them on the hills, because there is no land below them to depend on them for water in a dry time.

While the farmers who have rich low lands covered with wood may not hesitate to clear them, they should hesitate to clear the hills which are the watersheds to their farms. We must learn to make a distinction between the two, because there is a great difference in their powers to improve the surrounding territory.

Forests do not prevent drouth because they cause more rainfall, but because the hill forests have the power to keep the water from descending to the low lands until some time after it falls.

THE MILK ROOM.

It is very difficult if not impossible to make good butter without having a good milk room. All the other conditions may be good, but if the milk be set in a room that the temperature is not right, or the air bad, the result will be poor butter. This fact is too often overlooked, but not as frequently as formerly. It is now very generally known that to make good butter milk must not be kept in the same room with boiled vegetables or other cooked food; but it is not so generally understood as it should be, that the milk room should not be where there is any chance for disagreeable odors to come from adjoining rooms. Too many settle down to the idea that if they have a room expressly for milk, it is all that is required, but this is a mistake, the milk room should be so far away from the cook room that it will be impossible for the odors which arise while cooking, to enter it though the door be opened.

If the farmer smokes tobacco he should be very careful never to smoke even in a room adjoining the milk room, or to go into the milk room after smoking until the odor of the tobacco is out of his clothing, which if he smokes very often will not be until he gets a new suit. There are but few substances that absorb odors so readily as milk, therefore the milk room should be located where the atmosphere is perfectly pure.

Having secured good air the next condition that is desirable is an even temperature. In the winter measures should be taken to keep the room from being too cold, and in the summer too hot. It is much easier to keep a room warm in winter than cool in summer, unless the location is where a stream of cool water can be kept running through it; but as there are few locations where this is practicable, other means must be resorted to; the most available of which is ice. We have seen milk rooms kept a very even temperature during the hottest weather by having ice at the top of the room in shallow zinc pans, the ice being broken in lumps the size of a half pound lump of butter. The water should be taken from the pans as fast as the ice melts, being conveyed in pipes to another pan below, with an overflow pipe to take the water from the top of the lower pan as fast as it fills, thus carrying off the warmest portion of the water.

APPLYING SAND TO GRASS LAND.

Those who have meadow land that has been drained and seeded down to the better qualities of grasses, often find it necessary to apply a dressing of sand; experience teaching that it very much improves the condition of the grass roots and increases the crop of grass; sometimes quite as much as a dressing of manure. The reason why this is so, few stop to inquire.

The application of sand to a meadow often accomplishes a double purpose. First, it lightens up the soil and gives the water a chance to drain off, and second, it furnishes silica to the grass, which is necessary to strengthen the stalk.

Meadow land that is composed entirely of partially decomposed vegetable material, settles together sometimes so closely that water will not readily pass through it, except in small streams. This is very unfavorable to the growth of any crop that the farmer desires to grow. Unless there are numerous passageways for both air and water, the roots of plants fail to get the material necessary for their growth.

In reclaiming meadow land the first effort is to drain off the surplus water; ditches are dug low enough to draw the water, perhaps two feet below the surface; but if the meadow be composed entirely of decayed vegetation, advanced to just that stage which makes it so compact that the water cannot pass through it, for some time after the ditches are dug the water fails to readily drain off, except near the banks of the ditches. Such land needs a few inches of sand to bring it into a favorable condition for vegetable growth. When it can be done without too much expense, the application of sand will be much more beneficial if mixed with four or five inches in depth of the soil, because by mixing the sand with the muck it secures a combination of materials that is highly favorable to rapid decomposition, thus soon bringing the soil into that state which encourages a rapid growth of grass. While surface application is not as good, it is often very beneficial, especially if a good dressing of manure is applied at the same time, and a liberal quantity of grass seed sown and well harrowed in.

The winter season is the most favorable time to apply sand to low land, because time is worth less, and the meadows are frozen so that full loads can be carried over it without danger of cutting the land up.

APPLYING MUCK TO SANDY LAND.

Sandy land being deficient in vegetable substance, the farmer should endeavor to apply such fertilizers as are rich in these materials. Barn manure is better than concentrated commercial fertilizers, because it contains large quantities of partially decomposed vegetable materials which readily mingle with the soil and make a mixture that is highly beneficial to vegetable growth. When only concentrated fertilizers can be applied, efforts should be made to restore the continued reduction of vegetable substances from the soil by the growing plants.

There are several ways to do this, among them may be named, ploughing in green crops, especially clover and clover roots. On some farms where there is a deposit of good muck within easy reach, the cheapest and probably best way to increase the vegetable material in the soil, is the liberal application of muck; not by the laborious practice of carting it into the barnyard to compost with the manure and then cart it out again, but by the direct application to the soil. If the muck be well decomposed so that it will not dry so hard that water will have no effect on it, it may be spread on the surface in December where it will be exposed to the action of the frosts of winter, and by spring be in a condition to readily mingle with the soil.

Fifty cords of muck to the acre, applied in this way will very much change the nature of the soil, and secure for some years much larger crops. If the muck can be dug out one or two years before it is applied, it is much better than if applied green; in fact there are some kinds of muck that never should be applied until it has been dug out one or two years. Muck that is full of acid will not readily crumble in small pieces by the action of the frost and should not be applied green; but muck that has advanced to that stage of decomposition which is necessary to cause it to crumble and become fine by the action of the frost, may be applied at once, in the autumn after the ground freezes, and it will very much improve the soil.

Every farmer should learn the quality of the muck that is found on his own farm, then he will know how best to use it.

KEEPING TURNIPS.

The English flat turnip is one of the most difficult varieties to keep in good condition during the winter. If put in the cellar in bins it will be but a few weeks before it will become spongy and lose its sweetness, thus becoming unfit for the table, but the German Swede can be kept with less difficulty. The reason why one keeps better than the other is probably because one sprouts more readily than the other; at least this is no doubt one of the reasons, because the moment a turnip begins to grow it begins to lose its solidity, and also its sweetness, therefore whatever can be done to retard its growth will aid in keeping it in good condition. Light and heat, being aids to vegetable growth, should be avoided as far as possible. A cellar to keep vegetables well should be cool, with an even temperature never below 35 degrees or above 45. With such temperature there would be but little danger of any growth, but as it is very difficult to keep a cellar at such low temperature, other means must be resorted to to prevent growth, one of which is by packing in some cool material that is not a good conductor of heat. Leaves of deciduous trees have been found excellent to keep turnips, beets, parsnips and other roots, providing the cellar be a cool one. If the turnips be well covered with leaves it will do no injury if the temperature in the cellar falls to 20 degrees.

Sand is used by some, but as this is a good conductor of heat, unless the temperature of the cellar is very even and quite cool, it will not prevent the turnips from growing; but if the tops of the turnips be cut off to the solid part of the turnip before it is covered with sand, it will keep very well during the entire winter. This is probably the best way to keep the flat turnip for table use. By cutting the top so close it leaves no chance for the turnip to grow, and by covering it with sand it prevents it from drying up, so it keeps until March almost as good as when placed in the cellar. The parsnip also keeps well in sand if the top be cut below the sprouts. Rutabagas and German Swedes keep very well packed in barrels, and kept in a dark cool place where it is not cold enough to freeze water.

The Dairy.

HOW TO OBTAIN GILT-EDGE BUTTER.

Rev. S. W. Whitney, of Monticello, N. Y., contributes to the Country Gentleman an interesting article headed "how to obtain gilt-edged butter." Mr. Whitney tells how it is obtained in the following words: We know that green is a compound color, composed of blue and yellow; and, as the green food passes through the laboratory of a cow's stomachs, the green is decomposed, and more or less of the yellow is conveyed by the blood to the lacteal organs, as well as to the fat, the skin and other parts of the system. That which is conveyed to the lacteal organs, combines with and gives color to the milk and its products. Some breeds, of course, and some cows of these breeds, possess a greater power than others of extracting the yellow from the green of their food, and throwing it into their milk —not only in imparting a deeper yellow to it, but in doing this longer, some giving almost as deeply golden colored cream through winter months as in summer. But cows do not commonly yield richly colored milk in winter, and the reason is plain: they are not as a rule, fed on green food.

What, then, is the lesson to be learned from all this? Is it that as butter makers, having obtained the best breeds we can for producing golden butter—whether Jerseys, or Guernseys, or Devons, or whatever they may be, and the richest cows we can of those breeds—we should give them green, succulent food as long as possible while they are yielding milk, and do what we can to make that green in its season as deep as possible. As a butter dairyman, I believe in a liberal fall top dressing of meadows; in a free use in spring of ground gypsum or plaster, on pastures as well as meadows giving them a darker green and more of it than they commonly have. I believe in orchard grass for early spring and late autumn pasturage. I believe in cutting and curing grass for cow hay when it is in blossom, so as to catch and secure for winter use, as far as possible those juices and other qualities which June grass possesses, and which make our gilt edged June butter. I believe in ensilaging green corn, clover, and other grasses, so as to have green, succulent food the year round if possible. By pursuing this course, and paying due attention to the milk and cream in their various stages from the cow's udder to the manufactured product ready for the table, one will have no trouble in making, the year round, a quality of butter that will not merely be gilt edged, but have a demand possibly beyond the ability to meet.

☞ Experiments have been conducted by Dr. Masure on the evaporation of water from the soil. The soils tested were Loire sand, chalky soil, consisting of sand, 4 per cent.; clay 95.6 per cent.; garden soil, consisting of sand, 61 per cent.; chalk, 13.5 per cent.; clay, 20 per cent., and clay manure, 5.3 per cent. The action of the sandy and chalky soil was very rapid.

☞ Superintendent Graham, of the Kansas Agricultural College, says: "We have in the Kansas Agricultural College ponds carp that are something more than two years old, and, although we have not seen them lately, we feel safe in expecting some of them to pull down to the extent of five pounds or more. The ponds are now plentifully supplied with fry, and up to date the carp seem to have fulfilled all that we claimed for them in rapid growth and increase in numbers."

Questions & Answers.

☞ All questions to the Editor, desiring answer through the *Ploughman*, should be accompanied by full name of the correspondent.

SOIL FOR PEAR TREES.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

What kind of pears will grow best in a light soil, with clay and gravel subsoil? Inquirer desires to engraft some trees ten years old. They are now Vicar of Wakefield.

M.

Wollaston Heights, Oct. 23, 1883.

Pears do best on a strong soil, whatever may be the variety, but some varieties do better than others on a light soil; yet there are few varieties that will grow to full perfection on sandy soil without liberal dressings of manure rich in both potash and phosphates, and the surface of the soil should be kept well mulched during the warm season. In this way most of the first quality pears may be grown to a good size and of good flavor; among them may be named the Bartlett, Seckle, Sheldon, Cushing and Bourre d'Anjou. We have seen all of these varieties grow well on a light, sandy loam, but the soil was made rich and kept from suffering from the drouth by frequent stirring of the soil, or by heavy mulching. The latter is the best if applied early in the season before the spring rains are over. A liberal application of well decomposed muck very much improves a light soil for the growth of pears or almost any other crop.—[Ed.

WILD CARROT.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

The enclosed pest of a plant has so many names about here, I would like to know the true one, if you will be kind enough to give it to me on a postal, or in your paper (which I take) addressed to my initials. Is it annual or perennial? Can it be killed out of hay fields except by the plough and cultivator?

Considerable of it is often found in the rowen I buy for my cows. Is it deleterious if eaten by milch cows, to the animal or in flavoring the butter?

Very truly yours, J. C. C.

Greenfield, Mass., Nov. 27, 1883.

This plant is the Wild Carrot, a biennial introduced from Europe. It is a very undesirable plant, spreading very rapidly over mowing lands; for this reason, however harmless it may be, it should be killed out as soon as possible, but this can only be done by the most persistent efforts. If the field be cultivated two years, while it may kill all plants on the field, unless all of the plants in the vicinity are kept from seeding it only prepares a good chance for thousands of seedlings to come up with the grass when the land is seeded down, and the second year the wild carrot will show itself in numbers more numerous than before the land was ploughed up and cultivated. The only way to be successful is to make thorough work by going over the entire farm and cut every plant before the seed is formed, and to continue to cut it as often as it sends up a seed stalk; if this be followed two or three years this pest may be destroyed, unless the farms adjoining have the same pest, then it is necessary for the farmers to join hands and all work together to prevent any plants from seeding. The sooner the work of destruction begins, the less will be the labor of eradicating it.—[Ed.

FOUL IN THE FOOT.

To the Editor Massachusetts Ploughman.

I have two or three cows troubled with foul in the foot; one cow has been very lame and a high fever. Can anything be done for it? We have tried tar and sulphate of copper and oil, and all to no effect. My neighbors are troubled with it also. I wish you would send a good doctor, if it don't cost too much, or give us some information. Can I consult some one in town? It needs immediate attention.

Yours, &c., C. B. D.

Chestnut Hill, Mass., Dec. 1, 1883.

Without more particulars it would be difficult to decide what treatment would be best, but the first thing to do is to endeavor to find out the cause and remove it, then the cure would be less difficult; in fact until the cause is removed it would be very difficult, if not impossible, to effect a cure. Possibly the cows have been standing where it is too wet; if so, then remove them to a dry clean place, then thoroughly wash the parts affected with water and castile soap; when thoroughly cleansed cover the parts affected with pulverised charcoal and castile soap, mixed with water enough to make a paste. If this does not cause an improvement, a veterinary surgeon should be applied to to make an examination. There is one or more to be found in every city and large town.—[Ed.

AN AGRICULTURAL CREED.

According to the Canada Farmer the agriculturists of Canada met in convention and adopted for themselves the following creed:

We believe in small farms and thorough cultivation; we believe that the soil lives to rest, as well as the owner, and ought therefore to be well manured; we believe in going to the bottom of things, and, therefore, deep plowing, and enough of it—all the better if it be a subsoil plow; we believe in large crops which leave the land better than they found it, making both the farm and the farmer rich at once; we believe every farm should own a good farmer; we believe that the fertiliser of any soil is a spirit of industry, enterprise, intelligence—without these lime, gypsum and guano would be of little use; we believe in good fences, good farm houses, good orchards, and good children enough to gather the fruit; we believe in a clean kitchen, a neat wife in it, a clean cupboard, a neat dairy, and a clean conscience; we believe to ask a man's advice is not stooping, but of much benefit; we believe that to keep a place for everything and everything in its place saves many a step, and is pretty sure to lead to good tools and keeping them in order; we believe that kindness to stock, like good shelter, is saving of fodder; we believe that it is a good thing to keep an eye on experiments, and note all, good and bad; we believe it is a good rule to sell grain when it is ready; we believe in producing the best butter and cheese, and marketing it when it is ready.

☞ Experiments with poultry in orchards prove that they effectually protect plum trees from the curculio. A few of the largest farms devoted to poultry are set partly in plums, among them being that of Mr. Hawkins, of Lancaster, Mass. The peach tree is also benefitted by poultry, and the cherry trees always bear best when poultry range among them.

Horticulture.

THE KIEFFER PEAR.

Conflicting Opinions—"it is Better than Last Year."

(The Rural New Yorker's Report for 1883.)

The readers of the Rural New Yorker interested in this showy pear will recall our report of last year. It was very unfavorable in so far as quality alone was concerned; very favorable in other respects. There is no question about it that the Kieffer is one of the handsomest pears in cultivation. The vigor and beauty of the tree need not be questioned. Perhaps it is less liable to blight than other varieties. It is said to bear early and bountifully. This we do not question, since we have no evidence to the contrary. Our own specimens are too young to bear. Now, the quality of this pear is the one question that needs to be discussed.

About October 20 a bushel-basket of Kieffers was sent to us by Howard A. Chase of Philadelphia. These were ripe and ripening when received. They were all of rather small size for Kieffers, and in shape resembled more the Anjou than the characteristic barrel-shape of the Kieffer. Later, a fine lot was sent to us by Wm. Parry, of New Jersey. Four or five smaller lots were sent to us by other friends, or brought to the office. November 5, the lot of Mr. Chase were richly colored, and 10 of them beginning to rot. They were judged to be as juicy as fair specimens of the Beurre d'Anjou, though not so sweet, melting, or tender. The flesh was rather firm and hard in places—somewhat as if frozen; but still they were of a flavor that, when eaten *after* the Anjou, was still somewhat enjoyable. Several who ate them said: 'Not so bad.' 'I have eaten better pears, certainly, but these are eatable.' The pears received from Judge Parry averaged in weight just eight ounces each. They varied greatly in form. All of the pears received were eaten by perhaps 20 different persons. Whenever practicable, a slice of each was given to those present. The following is a verbatim report of what each said:

Opinions of 24 Persons as to the Quality of the Kieffer Pear, Eaten Between November 5 and 15.

A: 'It is neither sour nor sweet. It is not like a quince—no astringency, but rather like a half-ripe pear baked.'

B: 'A poor pear for such a beauty.'

C: 'For eating out of hand, I should never select that pear.'

D: 'I had rather eat the Kieffer than no pear.'

E: 'My pieces vary much in quality. Some are quite fair, others nearly tasteless. One of the seven pieces I ate was very good, but not so good as a poor Bartlett.'

F: 'Medium in quality, taking all to judge from. Some were almost flavorless, others quite good.'

G: 'One piece was quite good, the others of a coarse, sharp taste, without sweetness.'

H: 'Inasmuch as the different pears vary so much in quality, I should suppose that in some places the Kieffer might mature excellent fruit.'

I: 'This pear is fully ripe. It is better than poor specimens of Anjou that I have eaten. It is refreshing and juicy.'

J: 'The flavor is the same as that of Le Conte.'

K: 'I like it better after I have eaten it awhile then at first.'

L: 'Take them altogether, I like them.'

M: 'I do not like them as well as Duchesse.'

N: 'One of mine tastes like a muskmelon, the other like a quince, though the flesh is not tough.'

O: 'The flesh is not so coarse in some as in others. They are of a coarse flavor, so to speak, and the grain is coarse.'

P: 'I like Duchesse much better.'

Q: 'I liked one of mine very well; the other I did not like.'

WM. PARRY'S SPECIMENS.

The following visitors who ate them were told they were Bartletts, preserved in cold houses.

A: 'I think it has lost some of its natural flavor.'

B: 'Mine is hard but of an agreeable flavor.'

C: 'I think they are very good for this time of year. But they are not like Bartletts in their season.'

D: 'My piece is insipid and coarse as if half ripe, and yet this seems very ripe.'

E: 'Mine is hard all the way through.'

F: 'Mine has not much taste. It is between a sharp and a bitter flavor.'

G: 'I yesterday ate a Beurre d'Anjou of lower flavor, though the flesh was firmer.'

We send a few specimens of Kieffer's Hybrid Pears for testing. They are proving to be a great success here, fully sustaining all that we ever claimed for them; bear early and abundantly, of uniformly large size, handsome fruit, firm flesh, sound at the core, carry well, color up beautifully, and sell for the highest price of any pears in market. Sold last week in Philadelphia in market for from 50 to 75 cts. per half peck, and $4 to $5 per bushel. We sent some last week, by way of experiment, to produce commission merchants in New York, and received prompt returns that they sold for $3 50 per box (three quarters of a bushel), and trusting the same would be satisfactory, said they would be pleased to have further shipments from us. We never claimed for the Kieffer Pear best quality, nor do we for the Concord Grape; but if Concord vines are planted, the people will get grapes; and so if Kieffer trees are planted they will get pears. The masses of the people go now for quantity, and when a better year with all the good qualities of the Kieffer comes along they will go for it.

Let those who can afford it, indulge in Seckel Pears, Beurre Bosc, Bonne du Puits Ansault, Petite Marguerite, and other choice varieties which are not to be had in large quantities. But pears more easily grown are required to supply the large demand for home consumption as well as that of exportation; and Kieffer's Hybrid is better calculated than any other pear that has yet come under my notice.

Respectfully, WILLIAM PARRY.

Parry, N. J.

In answer to yours of the 12th, the old quotation that 'comparisons are odious,' seems applicable here. But jesting aside, the Duchesse is utterly worthless on our grounds, as out of the many trees set out at various times we have never yet obtained a good fruit. Still it is splendid where it will succeed. Beurre d'Anjou is variable, but here rarely first rate. My opinion of the Kieffer is, it is somewhat variable, occasionally excellent when not allowed to overbear, and properly ripened, but mostly good. Its great botanists in its reliability as a popular fruit, and in this respect on our soil, a great advance over the Vicar, although not quite so late. It is a difficult matter to compare two varieties of unlike character, and should not be attempted.

Yours truly, JOSIAH HOOPES.

West Chester, Pa.

J. B. Rogers says, under date of November 13: 'Kieffer Pears better this year than last, yet far from good.'

☞ South America is destined to be the next great beef producing region of the world. It is estimated that in two years from now the number of cattle in the Argentine Confederation will number 28,000,000 against 13,000,000 in 1877. The enormous increase in the number of cattle has brought down the price so that good fat steers are selling at $6 to $8.

Correspondence.

Written expressly for the Massachusetts Ploughman.

"TRIMMING PEACH TREES."

BY CHARLES M. HOVEY.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

The *Ploughman* of last week makes some judicious remarks upon trimming peach trees, giving the opinion of different cultivators in reference to the best season for the operation; but still leaving the matter in doubt, suggesting, however, that the "subject is one which should be thoroughly investigated that a correct conclusion may be arrived at."

As I have before remarked in an article on peach culture, our climate is rather too uncertain and severe to depend upon the cultivation of this delicious fruit with the same success as other hardy fruits,—the pear or apple. The blight attacks the pear severely in many parts of the country, but where there is no blight, or the trees escape it, they suffer little or none from the severity of our winters, or whether pruned early in spring, in midsummer, late in autumn, or in winter, or if not pruned at all, no injury appears to follow either practice; but with the peach, according to the remarks of the *Ploughman*, this is not the case, and there does not appear to be as yet any satisfactory season to prune with certainty of success, it is therefore desirable, as you remark, "that a correct conclusion may be arrived at."

The peach in its mode of bearing is entirely different from all other fruit trees; that is, never producing fruit only upon the wood of the *previous* year, precisely in this respect like the grape, and knowing this the pruner must cut his trees, no matter at what season, to secure fresh, young, healthy annual shoots. There are but two ways to do this, viz.: by a renewal of the bearing wood as with the grape, or by extension of the branches. In the former method the trees are kept in moderate compass, but in the latter soon grow to a large size, losing their bearing branches at the base. We have only to look at the trained trees in peach houses to understand how such trees are made to cover a certain space for a great many years, with the fruit equally distributed from the root to the very tips of the branches.

But the system of pruning requires some skill and judgment, and considerable time, and the question arises whether orchard trees could be profitably managed in this way; probably not. Still, a vigorous heading in before the trees get too far advanced would produce nearly the same results; that is, the trees would be prevented from extending their bearing branches, and fresh, strong vigorous shoots which alone produce the best fruit, would take the place of the old, weak and decrepid branches through which the sap slowly finds its way to the young bearing wood. Whatever pruning is done to the peach must be with a view to produce this result.

Now, the best season to do this is what all peach cultivators would like to know. Some men, as the *Ploughman* states, "will trim at any season and raise good crops, while others, whatever month they may trim, will fail to get a crop of fruit." Undoubtedly in the former case, if we could know exactly, we should probably find the pruning had little to do with the result, that being perhaps from the locality of the trees, the character of the soil, or other causes so many that we cannot form any opinion unless the pruned and unpruned trees are growing in the same position.

If the pruning is done for the simple purpose of ripening the wood it is one thing; if done to produce young wood that is another. In the latter case the spring would seem to be the proper time, that the trees may have the entire summer to complete and perfect their growth and mature the young wood, that it may better resist the vicissitudes of our changeable climate, for however ripe and well matured, a changeable winter with the temperature falling suddenly too much below zero, will surely destroy the germ of the bud; but the peach grower knows this, or ought to know that there is danger of the loss of the crop, whatever precautions he may take to prevent it. It is however his duty as it is his interest to cultivate his trees just as if there was no danger from intense cold, and in the best way to guard against it.

As regards summer trimming or clipping when the trees are making a rapid growth in July, which advocates of the system say will better ripen the wood, there is considerable doubt; indeed there is a certainty it will not if done indiscriminately.

So far as my own experience goes summer pruning or clipping should not be done until there is little or no danger of the buds breaking below the pruning; for if these break and grow the season is too short to mature and ripen the wood. If, on the contrary, the very tip of the branches are taken off just at the right time, when there is little or no danger of forcing a new growth, then the tree in its feeble efforts to make a continued growth is checked, and the sap is stored up in the buds, which are larger, stronger, and probably more able to resist the cold; this is an assumption merely, but as it is the case with the pear, so undoubtedly it ought to be with the peach.

Certainly to clip peach trees at a time when the shoots will break into young growth is undoubtedly injudicious, for these immature branches are pretty sure to be winter killed. In fact there should be no *clipping* to a peach tree. They should be pruned, and the pruning should be confined to cutting clean out superfluous branches, and thus let in sun and air to fully ripen and mature the entire length of the remaining wood. If there is any clipping it should be to take off the tops of such branches as suffer from the severity of the winter. These are numerous enough to know that the early growth of the annual shoot is much riper and able to resist the cold than the later immature wood.

After all the "most successful peach growers" who practice trimming or clipping their trees in the latter part of winter or in the opening of spring with the object to relieve the tree of all dead or diseased wood," have abundant reason for their success. It is too late after autumn sets in to do much for the certainty of the crop. What is done should be done in the early spring. The growth should not be too rapid; the location should be rather dry or easily drained, as a wet autumn is sure to prolong the growth and prevent the ripening of the wood. Still peach trees should not be starved, they like a good soil and manure too; and where the situation is favorable and no sudden changes in winter, there is a fair chance of a good crop; but it must not be forgotten that the climate of New England is not the home of the peach.

"DOGS AND SHEEP."

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

In reading over my *Ploughman* I have but now noticed the letter of Nov. 12th, from H. L. Fisk, of Worcester, who proposes to send men to the legislature who will not wage war against dogs, but who will make laws for their protection. To this Mr. Fisk adds —"Why not put them on the same plane as that other friend of man, the horse."

Mr. Fisk solves all the present problem for the farmer by advising him to get a well trained shepherd dog, to serve until the laws for efficient dog protection are enacted.

This is the sort of stuff that farmers get from dog owners upon each public statement of the fact that a farmer cannot safely follow the most useful and profitable branch of husbandry on his own land, inside his own inclosures, because his village neighbors are allowed to keep savage brutes that are "licensed" to run at large. "Why not put them upon the same plane" as the horse. Why not indeed? Or the bull, or boar, or ram? I have a ram that knocked down a man lately and broke two of his ribs. One of my neighbors had a boar that with his tusk ripped a horse's leg so that he was irretrivably damaged.

There are plenty of vicious Jersey Bulls that would do no end of damage if they were "licensed" to run at large.

Horses do not run at large, they are confined by law to the premises of their owners or when abroad are in his charge. This protection and privilege should be conceded by law to dogs.

Just this and no more.

As to the Shepherd dog buisness. Suppose a farmer does not choose to herd sheep with dogs? Is he to be compelled to do so on his own land? Many Shepherd dogs are cross and unteachable. The tractable and intelligent ones require careful training and probably there is not a man in this State, competent to train a colley to herd sheep. Does Mr. Fisk propose that we shall send a shepherd and his dog to guard the flock on far off hill pastures, where they are usually attacked by prowling dogs from the towns?

For my part, if I kept sheep in a distant pasture I would protect them from foxes by poison, which may be rubbed inside of a bullock's head. Nothing but a fox, wolf, or similar animal will then get at it. A few grains of strychnine rubbed into the interior of a fresh beef's head or sheep's head, will do more to protect a flock from wild animals than any law or any Shepherd dog.

Dec. 3 PASTOR.

The Poultry Interest.

PREPARING FOR WINTER.

Among the other indispensable duties is that of looking to the cleaning of the pens and roosts before the windows, doors and woodwork are fitted up and made snug for the fowls before cold weather sets in. Whitewash the walls, nest boxes, roosts and feed trough thoroughly. Don't spare brush nor whitewash; thrust it into the cracks and crevices, and give no quarter to the enemy, though they show the white feather or beg for truce. The whitewash should be put on hot, and if an ounce of carbolic acid be added to the pailful it will make it more effective. It is not a hard task to whitewash, where there is a will. All one has to do is to draw on a pair of overalls, roll up his sleeves and go to work. He need not be particular how it may splash, if it only penetrates and purifies every place where a vagrant parasite or louse might take refuge. There is really no limit to the whitewashing process.—[Poultry Monthly.

CHICKEN CHOLERA CURE.

Dr. Jacob Brandmier who has had years of experience in raising chickens, says that the "cholera" has always appeared among them in the fall of the year when they are very fat, and has never occurred in the spring, for the reason that the chickens are poor at the time. He says when they become very fat in the fall a yellow, oily liquid oozes from their mouths, which indicates the appearance of "chicken cholera," and the only remedy for it is to keep plenty of oak bark in the water they drink and also mix their food with water off of the bark.—[Madison Courier.

BOXES FOR A POULTRY-HOUSE.

I have tried all sorts of boxes and find "bitters" boxes or similar ones best. Such boxes are portable, easily removed to be cleaned or sunned. They may be placed upon each other. My house is battened and lined with tarred paper-board. I place the nest openings towards the wall, the backs to the roosts and the chief portions of the house. Poultry requires secrecy when setting or laying, and this plan answers well.—[Wm. Horne, Janesville, Wis.

☞ Fowls that have plenty of buttermilk or skimmed milk, will be likely to lay well. Poultry World

of physical culture, securing fine development and gentlemanly bearing. He dwelt particularly on the value of the physical and intellectual discipline secured by this training.

Passing to the study of natural science Mr. Greenough said: "Knowledge gained through the senses is the basis of all subsequent knowledge. In any course of instruction the observing powers should be carefully trained that the eye, the ear and the hand may be accurately used in gaining knowledge. By our own observation we gain a knowledge of facts from which we infer the general truths of science. Any other approach to scientific truth is fictitious and treacherous. The study of plants or of animals or of any of the forms of the inorganic world will be of little use if the study is by books alone. The excessive use of books and the committing to memory of words is the intellectual ruin of far too many in our schools and colleges. The greater number who study botany study books about plants when they should be studying the plants themselves. At the State College there are opportunities for studying the real object rather than statements."

Mr. Greenough then considered the methods of securing a ready and accurate use of the English language, paying a deserved tribute to the value of the English language to literature.

Under the present arrangement at the college the students are divided into two sections, the scientific and the literary section, and the scientific and the agricultural. Those who are to engage in farming or horticulture will thus constitute smaller classes and secure more thorough instruction, while those who are to engage in other employments will better secure the training they need.

In course, Mr. Greenough referred to the ethic studies of the course. Man, he said, is above nature, and man's knowledge of himself is superior to any knowledge of the material universe. The highest knowledge attainable by man is a knowledge of God. The study of nature and of man should ever be a means to this knowledge. There is no sufficient reason for making a State College a godless college. The fundamental truths of our being, of God, and of our relations to Him, should be reverently taught throughout the course, without making use of any of the shibboleths of sect. Unless the student is led to be loyal to God and to subordinate all else to his convictions of duty, the son, however richly freighted with learning and culture, may drift to utter ruin. If time permitted I might speak of the helpful influence of the chapel services now held every Sunday forenoon and of the voluntary efforts of several of the students in maintaining religious exercises of their own. Much, very much remains to be done to this and in other departments of the college; but, profiting by the experience of the past, and aided by the increasing interest of the people, we believe that the college is destined to be the people's college providing needed means of culture for every assertion of the State.

The remainder of the afternoon was devoted to an informal discussion of various topics suggested by the lecture of Dr. Salmon. In the evening Dr James R. Nichols of Haverhill gave a very interesting and instructive lecture on "Sunshine on the Farm."

"SUNSHINE ON THE FARM."

Lecture by Dr. James R. Nichols.

Dr. Nichols first spoke of the experiments made with the electric light on vegetation. The light promotes growth; plants make increased progress if subjected during the day time to the light of 20 lights of 2000 candle power each; but the radiation of heat from powerful electric arcs can counteract the effect of the night frost, and is likely to promote the ripening of fruit; the expense of electro horticulture depends mainly upon the cost of mechanical energy, and is very moderate where natural forces of such energy, such as waterfalls, can be made available. The speaker then told of the way in which plants grow, and the action of the sunlight on the earth in all its chemical and heating effects. The main idea of the lecture was to illustrate the influence of solar light on the farm, and in order that this influence might be understood the speaker gave a little account of the physics of solar light, of the forces of power used on the earth. All the power on the farm, such as windmills, water wheels, &c., comes primarily from the sunbeam. Then he spoke of facts connected with the distance of the sun from the earth, and its effect on soil and plants. He showed farmers that the crops may be regarded as condensed sunlight. A load of hay is, in effect, the results of the action of sunlight.

All the farm products are destined to be burned up. This burning process goes on in the structure of animals, sustaining life. But this burning by the consumption of the animals is precisely the same as the effect of the sun on the growth of plants. The bodies of animals in a barn are like a row of stoves. We find considerable warmth in a barn. This is radiated from the animals, and results from actual combustion. We can effect the warmth of a barn by means of the animals with cold water. Inasmuch as all food is burned it's cheaper for a farmer to use his wood to warm up the water for his cows rather than to use up the animal heat in the same process.

In speaking of the heat of the sun, Dr. Nichols said that the highest heat of artificial heat here reached 4000 degrees Fahrenheit, but the sun at the solar surface is 20,000 degrees. What is the amount of heat that falls from the sunlight on the farm? We find, approximately, that our farms receive nearly sufficient heat to raise 53 tons to the hight of a mile. On this December evening the sun 93,000,000 miles away to the earth than it was last July, paradoxical as this may seem. The heat that falls on our farms is largely used in maintaining the earth's temperature. Only one-thousandth of the whole heat is stored up in our crops and animals. How wonderful that this minute fraction should be abundant for the power of the entire human race. The speaker then alluded to the wonderful fact that dead material is converted by the action of sunlight into organized substances. As to the working force which a farmer can get to the wonderful heat of the sun, every farm laborer is capable of producing, in twenty-four hours, a thermal effect equal to raising 14,000,000 pounds to the hight of one foot. But he really exerts only the power of raising 3,609,000 pounds that hight by his summer day's work.

SECOND DAY.—WEDNESDAY.

The second day's session of the State Board of Agriculture at Lowell opened this morning with a lecture by John W. Pierce of West Millbury on "Experiments with Fertilizers."

"EXPERIMENTS WITH FERTILIZERS."

Lecture by John W. Pierce of Millbury.

It is generally conceded, said Mr. Pierce, that the majority of the farms of our State are in an exhausted or impoverished condition. The questions then arise: Will it pay to buy chemical fertilizers? Will commercial fertilizers do as well as stable manure? What kind of fertilizers should be bought? Our growing plants are composed of fourteen or more elements, and without an abundant supply of each of these, crops must fail to grow. The air contains only a portion but the soil must furnish part of the nitrogen and all the saline elements. Experiments show that nearly all our fields contain these required substances, except nitrogen, phosphoric acid and potash, so that these, with possibly the addition of lime and manures, furnish a perfect substitute for stable manure.

But we must go further and find out just what substances each soil requires. From experiments I found that oil-solved bone black, furnishing only phosphoric acid and lime, produced the most marked results. It was not, however, sufficient alone. When used with potash it produced the best results. Potash alone increased the fodder but not the grain, and did not ripen. Nitrate of soda did not seem to do much good anywhere. Gypsum failed to increase the crop much. Just sulphate of magnesia showed a decided effect. It produced more grain than any other material when used alone, excepting dissolved bone black. Twelve hills with both sulphate of magnesia and potash alone produced strangely enough, proportionately more than any of the other plots. Another experiment also showed that corn must have an abundant supply of phosphoric acid. Wood ashes contain both potash and phosphoric acid, as well as other saline constituents of plant food, but they need the solvent action of sulphate of magnesia.

The effect of nitrogenous materials seems to be about the same on all plots experimented with, and it makes but little difference whether the nitrogen is supplied in nitrate of soda or sulphate of ammonia, or whether in one third, two thirds, or full ration.

The second address of the day was an interesting article by J. B. Moore of Concord on "Market Gardening."

"MARKET GARDENING."

Address by John B. Moore of Concord.

What is the value of market garden products in Massachusetts, and is it an industry of sufficient importance to occupy the attention of the State audience? The census for 1875 furnishes statistics. Some of the crops, such as potatoes and beans, run into what may be called farm crops. Of these two crops I have only included one-half of their value. I find as the result products valued at $3,303,231, and to this should be added the value of certain crops not enumerated, and also portions of suburban garden crops, which would swell the amount to $4,000,000. From this showing, taken eight years ago, I may assume that from to $5,000,000 is the value the subject is worthy of attention. Its great importance in husbandry economy, as furnishing a good variety of cheap, nutritious food, must not be overlooked.

Now, there are many requisites necessary in gardening. The first is the location, which should not be at a great distance from the market, and should be near transportation facilities. It is also desirable to have a variety of soils for early crops. A sandy loam with a slight inclination toward the south will be found the best, but a heavier soil is suitable for the later crops. All soils to grow vegetables well must be well drained either naturally or artificially. How now shall this soil be worked? Deep tillage is one of the first things to be secured, and this can be accomplished either by deep ploughing or by trenching; the latter however, is quite expensive. Deep ploughing must be accompanied by heavy manuring. Market gardeners do not consider fifteen or twenty cords of manure too much for one acre, although farmers would call it extravagant. Both are right. The one can afford by his returns from the land the outlay, while the other cannot well. One of the requisites necessary for a gardener to be successful is an abundance of manure. Market gardeners generally use stable manure rather than commercial fertilizers, and situated as most of them are in regard to land, it is probably the best practice for them to adopt. The preparation of the soil in the spring for the sowing of the seeds for early crops must be attended to as soon as the soil is dry enough to work. All plants grown are better for being hoed as soon as they are seen coming up through the soil. This, followed by frequent stirring, keeps the surface of the soil in condition to get the full benefit of the sun, air and moisture, and causes plants to grow faster than they otherwise would. It also keeps down weeds.

Pure seed is even a more importance to the market gardener than to the farmer. Fine, handsome, smooth products are a necessity for the farmer, and these can only be obtained by using well bred seed. The gardener, as far as possible, had better grow his own seed. Much care should be exercised in planting the seed; deep planting of some of the smaller seeds is often fatal, as they may be rotted. If the surface of the ground is somewhat dry a rolling after sowing with a light roller will compact the surface and cause the seed to vegetate better. Straight rows are always desirable.

To carry on this business well requires the use of glass to some extent, either in form of hot beds, cold frames, or houses for the winter growing of vegetables, such as cucumbers, tomatoes and others, also for forwarding plants to be planted after danger of frost is over. The cost of sash, shutter, mat, fence, plank, is substantially $5. Therefore, it is evident that a large amount of capital is required not only for the real estate, but for structures. To realize the best results, one who is engaged in this business largely should have command of an abundance of water. For convenience in watering crops, a system of pipes should be laid through the fields. Drouths in Massachusetts do not appear to be the exception, and one of the greatest problems for the farmer to solve to day is how to avoid the bad effects of a drouth.

Our soils have, by a long course of injudicious cultivation, become partially exausted, and only skill and high cultivation will bring them back to their original fertility. The methods adopted by market gardeners are the direct opposite. The sum of every cultivation of the land in this State should be not only to secure a good crop, but also to improve his land at the same time. And those statements of colossal farming in the West country, of the growing of wheat by the thousands of acres, should not have any attraction for us, for at the best it is nothing but downright land robbery, a depletion of the land of its fertility, like a scourge leaving nothing but sterility and ruin in its wake.

The afternoon session opened with an address on "Jersey Cattle in America: Their Present and Future," by Richard Goodman, jr., of Lenox.

"JERSEY CATTLE IN AMERICA; THEIR PRESENT AND FUTURE."

Address by Richard Goodman, Jr., of Lenox.

There are 20,000 Jerseys in the United States and 40,000 of the grades. Massachusetts, which has always been a stronghold for Jersey breeds, has an immense sum invested in the cattle. Jersey butter is to day the fashionable butter of the most civilized people. In Boston alone 1000 pounds per week are sold at from 40 to 80 cents a pound, while ordinary butter brings from 15 to 30 cents. Moreover, 1000 pounds more are demanded, but cannot at present be supplied. For New York one can calculate on these figures. Mr. Goodman then showed that Jerseys give more butter than any other breed for the day, week, month, year, or lifetime. The butter is greater in amount than ordinary butter, easier and cheaper to make, more profitable to sell. Furthermore, Jersey bulls "grade up" the native stock better than bulls of any other breed. Ordinary butter costs 20 cents per pound to make and sells for 25 cents. Out of this 5 cents profit must be taken the cost of marketing. By infusing Jersey blood and taking extra pains in the manuiac ure the butter may cost 25 cents a pound, but it will sell for from 40 to 80 cents.

This, then, is the outlook for New England farmers. Driven from grain raising and beef producing by the West he is reduced to producing milk, small fruits and butter. New England can only successfully produce the best butter. For this Jersey cattle are the main stay.

Mr. Goodman was followed by Elbridge Cushman of Lakeville, who considered the question: "How Shall we Fertilize our Farms?"

"HOW SHALL WE FERTILIZE OUR FARMS?"

Address by Elbridge Cushman of Lakeville.

It is among the class who believe in high and thorough cultivation that we look for success. We have never known them to complain that they have made their acres too fertile or produced harvests too abundant. On the other hand, Massachusetts farmers are devoting five acres or more to the maintenance of a single cow. This is a mistaken system. Far better would it be to contract the limits of the farm.

The market gardener whose acres lie near some large town may find it economical to furnish plant food in the form of stable manure. But for the great body of common farmers, producing grain and grasses, commercial fertilizers are best.

Build your shelters not for show but for comfort and utility. And if the need of more provender is felt, the issue must be met both for the near and remote future. The largest sum must go back to the soil its exhausted constituents.

The farmers have to pay too much for the mixing of the elements in chemical fertilizers, and, further, they are partially exausted, and only skill and high cultivation will bring them back to their original fertility. The methods adopted by market gardeners are the direct opposite. The sum of every cultivation of the land in this State should be not only to secure a good crop, but also to improve his land at the same time. And those statements of colossal farming in the West country, of the growing of wheat by the thousands of acres, should not have any attraction for us, for at the best it is nothing but downright land robbery, a depletion of the land of its fertility, like a scourge leaving nothing but sterility and ruin in its wake.

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The Ploughman.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DEC. 8, 1883.

☞ *Persons desiring a change in the address of their paper must state where the paper has been sent as well as the new direction.*

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

The Forty-seventh Congress assembled in Washington last Monday, and the organization of the House of Representatives was effected without delay by the election of Mr. Carlisle of Kentucky as speaker. The message of the President was sent in and read on Tuesday. Like the previous messages of President Arthur, this his third, is a calm, we l considered and business-like document, showing much thought, and its suggestions are of a character that must commend themselves to Congress and the country. The financial statement shows a continued condition of prosperity that has called forth the admiration of the foreign press, so much in contrast with the embarrassed condition of the leading nations of the world. The estimated excess of income over revenue for the current fiscal year, is $85,000,000, which leaves a large margin for reduction of taxation. The Executive however, does not recommend any specific method of reducing the burdens of taxation. He recommends that in view of the condition of the Treasury, the time is auspicious for putting the Navy of the country in a state of efficiency. He also recommends a reduction of local postage from two cents to one cent. He thinks there is need of more legislation to prevent frauds on pensioners, and recommends a more stringent execution of the laws against Polygamy in Utah. He also earnestly calls the attention of Congress to the importance of legislation for the protection of the forests in the national domain. The documents accompanying the message give all the details which are usually communicated from the Department.

THE "COUNTRY MEETING"

Of the Board of Agriculture, opened on Tuesday, Dec. 4th inst., at Mechanics' Hall, Lowell, according to previous announcement, and together with the members of the State Board, was largely attended by the leading citizens of Lowell, and representative farmers from various sections of New England. The platform was adorned with a display of farm products and farming implements. We devote considerable space in other columns of this week's *Ploughman* to the reports of addresses which were generally admitted to be of an unusually high order of merit. The sessions were of three days duration, and were presided over by John B. Moore of Concord and Hon. Joseph S. Grinnell of Greenfield. President Varnum of the Middlesex North Agricultural Society, under whose auspices the State Board Meeting was held at Lowell, was untiring in his exertion for the accommodation of the visitors in attendance.

THE VALUE OF OUR FORESTS.

It is possible to lay adequte stress on the increasing necessity of protecting the forests of the country as they now stand. The next necessity, and scarcely less urgent, of forest planting on the most comprehensive scale, is one that follows close after in any treatment of the subject. We can neither over state nor even estimate the importance of the forests to the country. Upon their continued existence depends every thing else. It is said without the least exaggeration that our present prosperity and future development are indissoluby bound up with the forests. They already produce for us an annual value of 800 million dollars, an enormous sum indeed, and one to make the most careless thoughtful. The collected figures show that in order to secure this vast amount of product, two million men are all the time employed, working in the wood in all its changing forms from first to last. Yet this enormous sum of money is well reckoned to be small in comparison with the actual value of the forests to the agricultural and other operations of our 56 millions of population.

Their work is chiefly invisible, as all service of the highest value generally is. They operate as no other known influence does in equalizing the variations of temperature. They are standing attractions for the rain-magnets, as it were, and at the same time convenient and reliable reservoirs for its storage and distribution. In consequence, the currents of the rivers are regulated by them, and without their reliable feeding capacity would gradually dry away and leave barrenness and desolation in their track. It is a solemn truth, which no one should forget, that upon our forests depend our streams and rivers, and upon these depend the fertility of our soil and the free means of internal communication. The clouds are at all times the benefactors of the country; if we despise them as of little value, if we wantonly destroy the reservoirs of their wealth which nature has provided on so generous a scale, if we recklessly devastate what was given us to provide for the production of our soil, there is nothing left for us but to face the wretched, the desolating consequences. This is a matter to engage public economists, statesmen, philosophers, and patriots alike, and it will not long submit to be ignored.

Rev. Warren H. Cudworth—This widely known Unitarian minister died on Thanksgiving day, at East Boston, under peculiar circumstances. A union meeting of various denominations was being held in the Marverick Cong. church, and he had just begun a prayer in the midst of the service, when he exclaimed, "I must stop!" fell upon the floor and instantly died. He was a native of what is now Lowell, says the Vox Populi, though his birth antedated the incorporation and naming of the town by a few months; he was born May 25, 1825, and the town was created on the next March. He fitted for college at Andover, graduated from Harvard in 1849, took a two years' divinity course in that university, and since Mar. 17, 1852, had been pastor of the Church of our Father at East Boston. He was chaplain of the 1st Mass. infantry for three years in the war, however, and spent one year recently in travelling around the world; these were the only interruptions to his long pastoral relation over the only church for which he ever steadily ministered, though he had several flattering calls to other fields of usefulness. He was prominent in Masonic circles, and was popular everywhere.

The New Hampshire State Board of Agriculture will hold three sessions in Grance Hall, Nashua, on Tuesday, December 11, 1883, commencing at 10 o'clock A. M. The subjects for consideration will be "Stock," the "East v. the West," "Fruit Culture," "Market Gardening," "What the best Farmers do," and other topics to suit the occasion. Messrs. Humphrey, Adams, Goodell, and Hills will be present, and it is expected that gentlemen not connected with the Board will speak. The meetings are not confined to farmers, nor to the limits of Nashua. All are invited: Citizens of neighboring towns, as well as those of Nashua; also, ladies and young people. It is hoped the Grance will be present in full numbers furnish music, and aid in carrying on the meetings. Please extend the notice and let us have a full house.

Massachusetts Horticultural Society—The series of meetings for discussion of horticultural subjects by this Society, the present season, will commence on Saturday next the 8th instant, with the reading of a Prize Essay by John J. Thomas of Union Springs, N. Y., on "Hedge Plants and Hedges." The meeting will be in Library Room, Horticultural Hall, Tremont Street, at 11 o'clock and all interested are, as usual, cordially invited to attend.

☞ **"Hoosac Tunnel Route."**—This, the shortest route to Albany and the West, via. the Fitchburg (Tunnel Line) Railroad, is growing more popular every season. Travellers from the State of Maine and the East—in fact, all coming in on the Boston & Maine, Eastern, and Lowell Railroads appreciate the nearness of the depots, and the avoidance of all vexatious delays incident in crossing a city which so often result in the missing of trains. It is fast becoming the favorite route to the great West and is soon to be the popular one for all "down East" people. This route commends itself to the travelling public and especially those coming in from the East, who would avoid *all transfers*, and make Western connections sure.

☞ *Lee and Shepard* have this season just made six important additions to their "Golden Floral Series," and it is but little to say of them collectively that nothing more beautiful in conception or more perfect in execution has ever been published for the price. These matchless volumes will prove sources of permanent delight, and they are not easily surpassed in point of charm as exquisite gifts. The new volumes of this popular series bear the following titles: Curlew Must Not Ring To-Night; That Glorious Song of Old; Come into the Garden, Maud; My Faith Looks up to Thee; The Lord is my Shepherd, and, It was the Calm and Silent Night. The work of the artists is superior, if not superb; the illustrations being from such pencils as those of Merrill, Garrett, Fredericks, Miss Comins, Miss Humphrey, and Taylor. The engraver's task has been performed with wonderful skill and fidelity. Each one of these "Golden Floral" volumes will hold a firm place in the hearts of those who learn to love its almost ideal pages. A gift of them all would be regarded by the recipient as the key to a full treasury.

☞ *Chatterbox Junior* is issued by R. Worthington in prompt season for the Holidays. It is fully the peer of the famous English "Chatterbox." Every page is indeed a picture, and each picture tells it own story so plainly that we do not see how any ordinary bright boy or girl can miss it. The book is packed full of engravings that will entice children to study them without any consciousness of effort; the various pictures being of games and amusements, story-book heroes and fairies, dogs and monkeys, and scores of other objects that instantly kindle the child's imagination and provoke its delight. The reading matter embraces stories, sketches and rhymes in a wild sort of variety, all of which are accompaniments to the pictures. The book is elegantly printed on fine pap r, and the cover is resplendent with red and silver and gold; and it will be sure to keep a prominent place for itself throughout the Holidays. Published by R. Worthington. 770 Broadway, N. Y., and for sale in Boston by Lockwood, Brooks & Co. 17 Franklin Street.

☞ The third volume in our series of Japanese travel for boy's reading, by Edward Greey, is entitled *The Bear Worshippers*; the other two are "Young Americans in Japan," and "The Wonderful City of Tokio." Those who read this writer's previous volumes, published two years and one year ago, will not have passed out from the fascination wrought by them sufficiently to be indifferent to the appearance of this new volume. It recites the writer's adventures during a year's life with "The Bear Worshippers," who dwell on the island of Yezo, formerly a part of Japan, but now belonging to Russia. Twenty years ago, Mr. Greey lived with this strange people. They are described as being as hairy as bears, never feeling the cold, and living to be very aged. They are both fearless and harmless, and are supposed to be the aborigines of the Japanese nation. Yet they have many customs distinct from the latter. They cannot be induced to quit their native place. They hunt the bear, which they regard with superstitious veneration; their traditions and superstitions respecting this animal are very curious and entertaining. This strange people is turned inside out to view by the writer. Native Japanese artists furnish the numerous illustrations. It is the living story of a race of which nothing has been known to youth and will attract the juveniles more than Cast, Gulliver's story did their elders. Published by Lee & Shepard.

☞ *The Mountainside Breeding Herd of Cattle* of T. A. Havemeyer, Mahwah, N. J., has been elegantly catalogued. The picture of the Herd and the portraits of its individual members are enough to make any one fall at once in love with cattle breeding. They are all pure Jersey, collected by purchase since 1880. They were months either on the Island of Jersey or at public auction in this country. Mountainside Farm is conducted strictly as a business enterprise, its main object being the increase of this Herd.

☞ *Bush and Son and Meissner*, of Bushberg Jefferson Co., Missouri, have issued their illustrated descriptive Catalogue of American Grass Vases, which is a Grape Grower's Manual, is a third edition. It is so superb a Catalogue as to be entitled to the description of sumptuous, A handsomer, nobler, and more practically valuable descriptive publication it has not been our pleasure to feast our eyes upon in a long time. The illustrations are profuse, and some of them on a scale that may well be though luxurious.

☞ *Furman's Farming*, a series of Letters on "Intensive Farming," by the late Farish C. Furnam of Georgia, now prepared by its author for "Home and Farm," published at Louisville, Ky., and carefully present the results of his experiments in agriculture.

☞ Nothing is so reliable as Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for colds, coughs, in short for any and all derangements of the respiratory organs, which tend towards consumption. In all ordinary cases it is a certain cure, and it affords sure relief for asthma and consumption, even in advanced stages.

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BEATIY PARLOR ORGANS.

We are reliably informed that Mayor Beaty, of Washington, New Jersey, is manufacturing and shipping a complete organ every five minutes. At this rate he has over 5,000 constantly in progress of manufacture. If you desire to secure his latest limited time price of only $45 75, you should at once so order within five days from date of this newspaper. Read his advertisement, and order without delay.

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In this city, Nov. 28th, Ellen Savage, 53 years.

In this city, Dec. 2nd, Annie Hayward, wife of Dr. George Hayward.

In this city, Dec. 3rd, Mary T. Carter, widow of Sewall Carter of Lancaster, Mass., 80 years.

In Malden, Dec. 2nd, Laura A. Bowers, wife of H. D. Bowers and daughter of A. M. Eastman, formerly of East Somerville.

In Wilbraham, Nov. 22d, Merrick B. Foskit, 81 years.

In Medford, Dec. 1st, Martha A. Gardner, wife of Geo. W. Gardner, 63 years 4 months.

In Harlemtown, Dec. 1st, Gardner R., son of the Jotham Johnson, 47 years 3 months.

In Concord, Mass., Dec. 1st, John Wheeler, 62 years 2 months.

In Roslindale, Dec. 1st, Joseph Williams, 87 years 10 months.

In Shawsheen, Dec. 1st, Mary, widow of the late Moses H. Shaw, and last surviving child of the late Nathaniel Peabody of Peabody, Mass., 83 years.

In East Weymouth, Nov. 28th, Harry J. Reed.

In North Easton, Mass., Nov. 30th, Captain Byron Strout, 63 years 2 months 2 days.

In North Plymouth, Nov. 29th, Mrs. Winslow Wright, 80 years 9 days.

In Barnstable, Nov. 28th, Josiah Hinckley, in his 90th year.

In Portsmouth, N. H., Nov. 29th, Hannah S. Bailey, wife of the late Daniel Bailey, 76 yrs. 9 mos.

In Longwood, Nov. 28th, Eliza Mary, wife of the late George N. Comer, 51 years 10 days.

In Wilton, N. H., Nov. 24th, Abial Lovejoy, 73 years, formerly of Temple.

In Lynn, Nov. 27th, Zaccheus W. Sanderson, 80 years 10 months.

In Newton Centre, Nov. 30th, Mary J., wife of D. M. Brownell, 38 years.

In Wenham, Nov. 29th, Mrs. Harriet F. Fiske, 74 years 10 months 4 days.

READ AND RUN.

— Winter came in sharp and decisive.

— The last year's account of the New York and New England Railroad toots up—Net earnings, $555,000; fixed charges, $1,186,000; shortage, $631,000.

— The holiday cards begin to make their appearance in the newspapers.

— The steamer Norseman, on its recent passage to Liverpool, lost 85 head of cattle on the voyage, all of them consigned by Boston parties.

— Mr. James Byrne, M. P., gave two lectures this week in Sanders Theatre, Harvard College on the British House of Commons, his topic being the manner in which the members are elected.

— The sudden death of Rev. Mr. Cudwort in the pulpit at East Boston, on Thanksgiving Day, sent a shock of surprise and grief through the community in which he was so well known and so thoroughly beloved. The pastors of the various churches in East Boston met on Monday last, and adopted appropriate resolutions on his death.

— This is the 48th Congress that convened on Monday last.

— Speaker Carlisle received 191 votes against 117 for all others.

— A Protestant religious service was broken up by a mob at Wexford, Ireland, last Sunday.

— Cholera is prevalent at the port of Foochow, China.

— Cardinal McCabe of Dublin denounces secret societies, in a pastoral letter just issued by him.

— The book of estimates for the coming fiscal year sent in to Congress on Monday calls for appropriations amounting to but $283 million dollars. Last year 340 millions were called for and 305 millions voted.

— Officers of the New York, West Shore and Buffalo Railroad deny that any agreement has been made with the Pennsylvania or the Grand Trunk companies.

— Sixteen years ago the city of Roxbury became a part of the city of Boston, and a number of those who were officially identified with her early municipal existence, met at the Parker House one evening last week to indulge in a friendly talk of former times.

— Holland has recovered ninety thousand acres from the sea in the last three centuries. She maintains nearly one a half million oxen and cows, and her present output of cheese is estimated in value at three million dollars annually.

— All the eligible cities are putting in their claims for the next national political conventions.

— A large meeting was held in Tremont Temple, in this city, on Tuesday evening, in the interest of the Associated Charities, for the more particular purpose of acquainting the public with the co-operative system of caring for the poor.

— The English sparrow is even more detested in the home he came from than he is here. They pay three pence a dozen for them at Stratford-on-Avon.

— It is premature as yet to hunt with the unaided eye in the heavens for the comet. It will be in sight, however, in time for the holidays.

— The London Telegraph recently devoted one column and a quarter of its editorial page to an article on Secretary Lincoln's order that the old mule Maniqua should be fed for life. There were fully 3000 words in the article.

— O'Donnell has been convicted of the murder of Carey, the Irish informer, and sentenced to be executed on the 17th inst.

— The reduction of the public debt in November was about one and three quarters millions.

— A bill is to be introduced in Congress without delay for the stoppage of the coinage of all over dollars.

— The erection of a temporary fence around the lot upon which the proposed memorial to the poet Longfellow is to be placed, has been begun, and the public will be admitted within the enclosure when it is finished.

— The Rhode Island authorities desire the Governor of Massachusetts and his Council to view the boundary stones set up between the two States, in pursuance of recent legislation.

— Jonathan Hastings, of Cambridge, Mass., is credited with originating the expression "Uncle Sam," employing it to denote superior excellence. Thus he would speak of a "Yankee good horse," and "Yankee good cider."

— The New York Herald says the recent advance in stocks is due in part to a belief that the liquidation begun two years and a half ago has been completed, at least in sound securities.

— M. deLesseps, the world-renowned canal cutter, was born in 1805, so that he is now 78 years old, and just engaging in the work of digging the Panama Canal.

— Australia and New Zealand talk seriously of a confederation

— We have received the Bulletin of the Agricultural and Mechanical College of Texas, which is the Technical Branch of the University, containing a report on experiments with fertilizers, and carefully present the results of his experiments in agriculture.

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In Malden, Dec

COMPANION

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T. B. Luce
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Richard Heath
E. J. Marston
H. Fillmore

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W. H. Gilder

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S. S. Cairns

Adven-
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Nugent Robinson

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Lytton,
C. Whittier,
T. B. Aldrich.

and Advice

C. E. Winder
James Parton
Dr. W. A. Hammond
Calvert Vaux

Instan-
Samuel Smiles

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Thomas A. Edison

Peas-
Helen S. Conant

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Edwin P. Whipple

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Rose Terry Cooke
H. L. Winckley
James Parton
Murat Halstead

C. H. Patteo

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EXPOSITION OF
R. SHERMAN'S
PTURE CURE.

SHERMAN—Dear Sir:
erience with your treatment is very gra
e I called on you about eight months ag
with a right side scrotal rupture. I
en previously, and from the use of th
ressed pain. From the day you adjus
hence to case I have felt the grea
through the application of your Curative
d my improvement has been such as to
to pursue my business—which is both ac
laborious—without inconvenience, and
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of the cure which I feel has been effected,
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t. It has not if they adhere to your instruc
F. W. FLAGLER.
ce, Oct. 14, 1883.

RUPTURE

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or the injury trusses inflict. Photographs
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New York. Days of consultation, Mon
day and Saturday of each week.

ol-psaic Prices.
IDE QUINCY MARKET.

Beef, &c.

Family,	13 00	@14 00
Tongue	13 00	@14 00
Dressed Beef.		
Fore Quarters,	9@11	
Rounds,	12@13	
Ribs	14@15	

Pork, Lard, &c.

Ohio Prime,	11 50	@12 00
Mess,	13 00	@13 50
Lard, ♥ lb.,	9@	
Ohio leaf, ♥ lb.,	9@	
Hams, Med'n	12@	
Sm'k'd, ♥ lb.,	12@13	
Hogs, whole	6@	

Veal and Mutton.

Lamb, ♥ lb.,	11@	
Do Spring,	13@	

Butter, Cheese and Eggs.

Fine Factory,	21@	
Fair to good,	20@	
Farm		
Eastern	28@32	
Northern	26@30	
Western	24@28	
Capes	24@27	

Fruit and Vegetables.

Onions, bbl.	2 50@	
Beans, white	2 00@	
Medium, bu.	2 00@	
Pea, bush.	2 00@	
Squashes, cwt.	1 50@	
Hubbard "	2 00@	
♥ bbl, new	3 00@	
Marrow, bbl	3 50@	
Turnips,	1 00@	
Quinces, bbl	3 00@	
Pickles, Boston	6 00@	
Cucumber	1 00@	
Limes	1 00@	

Potatoes.

Rose, ♥ bush.,	60@	
Hebron,	60@	
Burbank,	60@	
Peerless,	60@	
Early Ohio,	60@	
Sweet, ♥ bbl.,	3 00@	
Onions per bush.,	1 00@	
Savoy	bbl	
White French	bbl	
Yellow	bbl	
White flat	1 75@	
♥ dozen,	1 75@	
♥ bushel,	1 00@	
Onions per crate	1 00@	
Carrots,	bbl	
♥ bushel,	1 00@	
Turnips,	bbl	
♥ bushel,	1 00@	

BOSTON HAY MARKET.

RETAIL PRICES.		
Hay, ♥ ton,	20 00	@22 00
♥ bush.,	1 00	@
Straw,	1 00	@1 00
White	55	@ 55
Red	17	@ 19
Oats	35	@ 35
Corn	1 00	@1 00
Meal	1 00	@1 00
Rye	1 00	@1 00
Shorts, ♥ ton,	23 00	@24 00
Middlings,	24 00	@25 00
Mixed feed,	23 00	@24 00

WHOLESALE PRICES.

Hay, ♥ ton,	18 00	@20 00
Rye straw,	18 00	@20 00
Oat straw,	12 00	@13 00

NEWS SUMMARY.

William Spicer omister, 16 years old, was killed by ng of a sand bank on Friday.

Gaines Gooley, a Haverhill painter, fell and broke his leg while at work in Methuen on Saturday.

Frank Tilton, while unloading coal at Haverhill Tuesday, fell forty or fifty feet, and will probably die.

Fred Humphrey, aged 14 years, was drowned Tuesday afternoon while skating on the mill pond at Windsor, Vt.

Fred Bowen of Pawtucket, R. I., 18 years old, lost his right leg while gunning on Saturday by an accidental discharge.

Mrs. Betsey L. Moody, who lives at Cape Elizabeth, was born Feb. 28, 1782, and is consequently in the 102d year of her age.

The house, barns and contents of J. H. and Emily Chandler, near West Milan, N. H., were burned Saturday. Loss over $5000; insured for $2000.

The teachers assembled at Waterbury, Vt., last Monday, to begin school, but by orders of physicians the schools are closed for a month on account of diphtheria.

Forty-seven families in "Nigger Row," West Fifty-fourth street, New York, were burned out Monday afternoon, and three young children were burned to death.

The new steamer Princess Louise, launched a week ago for the Dominion Government, went ashore off Nova Scotia Monday and is a wreck. Only two persons were saved.

The sixtieth wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Johnathan Cobb of Warren, Me., was celebrated on Wednesday of last week. Mr. Cobb was born in Plymouth, Mass., in 1797.

The schooner Three Sons was sunk off Cove Point, Chesapeake Bay, Saturday night by ice and her Cenope. The captain and two of the crew were rescued, but the balance were lost.

Mrs. Sarah Carr of Upton, an old lady, fell to the floor Sunday afternoon and broke the neck of her thigh bone. She has been in feeble health for some time, and it is feared she may not recover.

On Saturday evening Mr. Ignatius J. Rand, while eating supper at his home in Knightville, Me., with his family, had a piece of meat lodge in his windwipe and expired, after a few minutes struggle, from suffocation.

The first of a series of Farmer's Institutes was held in Yarmouth on Tuesday. The subjects discussed were: "Has ensilage proved a success in Barnstable county ?' and 'Are horse trots legitimate adjuncts to agricultural fairs ?'

Stephen Somers, of Eastport, Me., about 20 years old, while returning home late on Saturday night, was knocked down in the cemetery by a man and robbed of his watch and $20. A young man named Harris was arrested on suspicion.

Two sons and a daughter of George E. Ritter, a prominent builder of Baltimore, were married in the church of the Fourteen Holy Martyrs, in that city, on Thursday morning last. Three weddings in the same family on one day are a decided novelty.

A A Coburn's two-story frame building on Front street, Ashland, Mass., occupied as a fruit store, John Howard, jeweler, Miss M. G. Wakefield, dress maker, and other parties as sleeping apartments, was gutted by fire Tuesday morning. Loss on building and contents $2500; insured.

Enfield F. Johnson, 39 years old, a farmer of Madison, Conn., was found dead Monday near a coal pit, with his skull crushed in. He had been working for his brother Edgar. One leg was burned nearly off, and traces of blood were found in the vicinity. His axe and lantern could not be found. Circumstances indicate murder, and the case is enveloped in mystery.

A daughter of Edward Sheppard of West Randolph, Vt., six years old, was killed on Saturday. She, together with several children, were playing about a wagon loaded with sand, when the teamster started his horses, not noticing that the little girl was under the wagon, and she being in front of one of the wheels was caught by it and crushed to death.

A Cape Race dispatch says a fearful hurricane from the east northeast prevailed Sunday night. The sea rose higher than ever inside shown here. It swept away inland cottages, drove the Cape Ida boat high upon the ocean, threw the wrecked hull of the steamship Hevier 30 feet up on the shore and drove a large quantity of wreckage close into the station. Among this are the whole side of a large ship, booms, gaffs, yards, water casks and general debris.

The new boarding house of Nichols Academy in Dudley, Mass., caught fire at about midnight on Monday, and was totally destroyed. The building was nearly empty, it being a vacation. There was no loss of life or injury to any person. The fire is thought to have originated in a defective flue. The building cost $10,000 and was insured for $7,000. The fire will not interfere with the school sessions, as none of the other buildings were damaged.

An organization of grocers' clerks has been formed in New York, called the A B C Union. The object of the members is to systematically buy their goods at wholesale from the houses of the association in that each member should, by fair means or foul, possess himself of $125 a month, and deposit it with Christian Kroez of Brooklyn, who acted as Treasurer. The members are to be given $2000 from the funds of the society at the end of the year if they wish to go into business. Eleven clerks have already fallen from the grace

The Poet's Corner.

THE KINGDOM OF THE CHILD.

Out of the common daylight of the world
I wandered forth into a golden dawn,
A buoyant and a brilliant atmosphere,
In which all language had a sweeter sound,
All faces shone, and salutations glad
Of love and cheer flew fast from lip to lip.
Then, as the light grew strong upon the heights,
Bell answered bell with jubilant refrain,
Until the hills the flying echoes caught,
And wafted upward even to heaven itself.
And then there was a silence and great peace,
While in the air above me and around
A whisper rose that grew into a song—
"Enter the happy kingdom of the Child!"

And then a miracle befell my sight.
With eyes no longer holden I beheld
A realm immeasurable, a golden zone
That like a ring of flame shone round the world.
And everywhere the joy was in the air,
Wreaths bloomed on shrine and window, and so sweet
The incense rose from every heart and home
It seemed a bright new world within the old,
A thousand summers mingled into one.
And still the burden of a song went on,
Too silver-sweet for any human voice—
"This day began the kingdom of the Child."

* * * * *

No crown he wore, but round his peaceful brow
An aureole shone, from whence unnumbered rays
Flasted away to crown less worthy heads.
His hand no sceptre clasped, but fast and far
The beams of morning as his heralds rode
To bear the Christmas gladness to the world,
And fast and far his dearer angels sped,
Blessing the little children and the poor
With the best utterance of his perfect love;
And sorrow heard, and mourning lips were still,
And even hid itself and was afraid.
Oh, then with heart at rest I heard again
The voice, that swelled and grew into a song:
"This day, till time shall end, from shore to shore,
Shall come the blessed kingdom of the Child!"
—[Extract from Mrs. F. L. Mace's Christmas poem, in Harper's Magazine for December.

Ladies' Department.

KRISS KRINGLE'S CLERK.

BY S. A. SHIELDS.

[From Godey's Lady's Book for December.]

Four o'clock on the 24th of December, a dull afternoon, with a leaden sky of threatening snow, a keen wind, and hurrying crowds of merry people filling stores and streets outside. Inside, glowing fires and closely-drawn curtains for the great houses, and kitchens full of tempting promise for Christmas feasting.

In such a house, on a fashionable street in New York, two gentlemen sat over dessert and wine, chatting. The dining room was full of old-fashioned comfort, with heavy furniture, snowy linen, glittering plate and glass, and rich carpets and curtains; and the two who faced each other at the table were dressed as became men of wealth and position. They were young, not yet thirty years old, good looking without any wonderful beauty of form or feature, and with a fair allowance of brains developed by education and culture.

"So the king comes to his own again!" cried one, after an interval of silence. 'Here is to his health and prosperity!'

'Thanks!' replied the other, touching the glass held out with his own. 'I am glad to be back in my home, though it was but a cheerless welcome that met me. Only servants to greet the returned prodigal.'

'Don't call yourself names, Charlie. You have not a friend who has not thought you were harshly and unjustly treated.'

'They are mistaken, not knowing the facts.'

'They know *you*,' was the emphatic reply, 'and judged by that knowledge!'

Charles Bradley sighed, looking into his friend's glowing face, a face he had not seen before for seven long years.

'After all,' he said, 'I was but a boy, not quite twenty-two. Do you care to hear about it, Fred?'

'Yes! It was rather a puzzler, you know. Nobody got at the rights of the case, I imagine, but everybody thought your father must be in the wrong.'

'He was entirely in the right, and I was a young fool! Be sure of that. My whole life would have been blighted, cursed, if I had been allowed my own way. The only regret is, that he was left without a son's care for seven years, and died alone! But our quarrel was about my marriage. I am almost ashamed now to tell you, Fred, but I had offered myself and my father's name to Viola Mortimer, known in her family as Mollie Brown!'

Fred Granger gave a long whistle. Words failed him.

'You remember her. Half the young fellows in town were in love with her, but I was *gone*! My father was not 'furious,' as Miss Mollie says it. He was simply resolute. He told me frankly that no burlesque actress should ever take my mother's place in his house, or ever scatter his hard earned wealth. If I married such a woman, I must cease to consider myself his son!'

'After all, you could scarcely blame him.'

'Have I not said he was right? But I was a hot headed boy, imagining myself deeply in love. I left the house, vowing never to return until my wife was received as a daughter. Oh, Fred, what a blooming young idiot I was! I rushed to Viola, and threw myself and my altered fortunes at her feet, and she laughed at me. She asked me if I supposed she would marry a beggar, and told me with cruel frankness that it was for my money and position she would have married me. So, I escaped. But it maddened me for a time. I would not return to my father to own my humiliation, and left the city. I had money with me, a valuable watch, diamond studs and ring, and I lived through my first rage and despair in different cities, seeking employment in a struggling way. It was not until poverty stared me in the face that sense came to my rescue. I will not bore you with the details of my life in Chicago, but only say I have worked my way up to a moderate salary in a mercantile house. I wrote to my father, for the first time, a few weeks weeks ago, asking nothing but his forgiveness for my long desertion. No answer came, until the lawyer's letter informed me of his death and the recent will that makes me his heir. So, only the empty hou e await d me. But he forgave me!'

There was an interval of silence, until Charlie spoke again.

'I think my father was more firm about the matter, because it was an old scheme of his that I was to marry his old partner's daughter, who was, y the way, still a school girl when I left. They were lifelong friends. I must hunt Mr. Jackson up.'

'Jackson? You don't mean Graham Jackson? Yes, you do, of course. I remember he was your father's partner before they retired from business. Then you have not heard?'

'What? Not dead?'

'Died last March, and ruined himself in speculating before he died. Didn't have a cent.

'But he was worth as much as my father!'

'Muddled it all away, somehow. His wife's death was his last blow.'

'His wife! Why she died twenty years ago!'

'Married again, and had two children.'

'But his daughter?'

'I believe she is teaching. I really don't know, but I will ask Kate, Tom's wife. She keeps up the intimacy. It seems to me she told me that her girls take music lessons of Miss Jackson, but I am not sure. Ard talking of Kate, I must be off. She has a Christmas party, tree, and all that, and those children of hers don't think there is any fun if Uncle Fred is not there, to make a boy of himself once a year for their benefit. Why can't you come? You may be sure of a cordial welcome.'

'Not to night, Fred. I'm not up to a jollification. Awfully glad to have met you, but—you see—'

'I understand, but you will come soon,'

'When I go anywhere.'

There was a little more desultory talk, and then Fred Granger buttoned up his ulster and took his leave, while his host drew up a chair before a cheery fire in the cosy library, and fell to musing. Sad memories, glad memories, remorseful, too, some of them, chasing each other through his brain as he sat by the fire, and recalled the years spent in his old home. Little there was changed. Even the servants were those he had left seven years before; but one awful void pressed heavily upon him.

'I shall go melancholy mad,' he thought, after a while, 'if I sit here alone. Christmas Eve, too, and not a relative to send a greeting to. By Jove, I'll go and hunt up some folks that *need* turkeys and puddings.'

Five minutes later he was on his own doorstep. It was quite dark, but a street lamp showed him two little shivering figures on the lower step.

'Already!' he though, and went down to them. They stood up as he came, and one said:

'Perhaps he knows, Harry.'

Without hesitation 'Harry' acted upon the suggestion.

'If you please, sir,' he said, respectfully, but by no means servilely. 'Can you tell us where Kriss Kringle lives?'

'Eh?' said young Bradley.

'Everybody is in such a hurry,' said Harry, 'that nobody will stop to tell us.'

'And they all laugh,' said the other little fellow, plaintively.

'That is too bad,' said the gentlemen, with dense gravity, 'but you look cold. Su pose you come in and get warm, and I will tell you where to find Kriss Kringle.'

'Does he live here?'

'Well, no; ' ut I am a friend of his. My name is Peter Piper.'

'Oh—I know! Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers!' cried Harry.

'Exactly; and has been seven years living on them. But come in!'

'Now,' he said, as they followed him into the library, and let him put them in a wide cushioned chair that held them both very comfortably, 'warm your toes, and tell me how your mother came to send you out this cold evening, alone?'

'We ain't got any mamma! But you did not ask us our names. And we want to see Kriss Kringle, if you please.'

'Suppose you tell me your names now.'

'I am Charles Bradley Jackson,' said one little lad.

'And I am Harry Jackson,' said the other.

'Jackson's boys,' thought their host. 'Never will I doubt a special Providence! And what darlings they are, with their big brown eyes and curly golden hair! Twins, evidently, and not more than four or five years old. And their clothes have been very handsome, but were last year's wardrobe—too small everywhere. Poor little chaps!'

Aloud he said:

'But you have not told me how you come to be out alone?'

The explanation that followed was like one of Gilbert J. Sullivan's duets. The voices took each other up, as if one mind ruled both small bodies, and there was never a clash o opinion.

'Ethel told us this morning—' Harry began.

'That Kriss Kringle didn't know we had moved,' continued Charlie.

'And wouldn't come to night—'

'And we couldn't have any Christmas—'

'Not *any* Christmas.'

Brown eyes brimmed over, and voices quivered.

'But that would be too bad,' said the gentleman, 'and I am sure he *will* find you.'

'Oh, do you think so?' in chorus, with eager voices and eyes.

'I am sure of it!'

'But we don't live at home now,' said Charlie. 'When papa went away to heaven in a black box—'

'We went to live in a nasty house, where we can't run about because we only live in two rooms—'

'And Ethel has ugly black dresses, and Margaret won't make cake—'

'And so when Ethel went out this afternoon—'

'To a party to play cotillions, and Margaret went out too, to take a little walk—'

'We thought we would try to find Kriss Kringle, and tell him where we live.'

'But we can't find him anywhere!'

'Well,' said Mr. Bradley, 'it is just as well to find me. I am one of his clerks.'

'Oh,' again in chorus, 'are you?'

'Yes. You see, now-a-days, with furnace fires stopping up the fire places, and so many children to attend to, the old gentleman can't get round with his reindeer sleigh to half the places where he is expected. And stockings won't hold half the things the children want.'

'Oh, but a tree will!'

'But he is so busy this year that he can't dress half enough trees. So he has engaged a lot of clerks to take orders—'

'Like the men in stores?'

'Precisely! These clerks are going round this evening to find exactly what the children want, and to morrow the express cart will take the goods to the right houses.'

'Are you *sure*?' asked Harry, doubtfully.'

'Certain sure?' asked Charlie.

'Certain, positive sure, because I am one of his clerks. I was just going out for my orders when I saw you,' and Mr. Bradley produced a note book and pencil. 'So if you will just give me yours now, I will see that the goods are sent.'

'Do you mean if we te l you what we want you will write it down—'

'And tell Kriss Kringle?'

'I do! And I promise you that the express man will bring all the things to morrow.'

'But she will forget me!'

'A likely story.'

'Or somebody else—'

'Trust me for that. Besides, if somebody else is preferred, you would not care for supplanting him.'

'You are right. But Kate, don't let her forget us.'

And Kate did not. Never were a lover's praises more judiciously sounded, never a hero more skillfully painted. If Ethel had not already loved, Kate must have won her heart for Charles Bradley in those long summer days. And her friend's own heart was in the tender task. Since her own marriage, Kate Grainger had been thrown into Charles Bradley's society constantly, before his long absence from home, and had become fond of him. On his return she had seen at once how the seven years of self dependence had turned the petty boy into a man worthy of all honor. Not that he was remarkable for any exceptional genius or excellence, but he was manly, frank, honorable, and better than all, Kate's eyes, tender of heart, sympathetic and domestic.

'He will be like a father to those boys,' she thought, for my children think him only second to Uncle Fred.'

In the autumn, to Charles Bradley's great disgust, he was asked to go to Chicago to give evidence in a lawsuit for the firm to which he had been employed. There was no compulsion, but he was a valuable witness, and too good natured to refuse a favor where he had been well treated. 'The law's delay' justified its proverbial tardiness, and the young man was detained until December. The time would have passed pleasantly among friends, but for his anxiety to return to Ethel.

Kate's letters kept him informed of their movements, and messages passed through every missive; but it was with a thrill of delight that Charles Bradley found himself once more in New York upon the anniversary of his previous return. A little note awaited him:

'Be sure you come to see our tree. If you should be a little early, you may possibly find somebody practicing cotillion music in the little room off the parlor. Kate.'

Was ever a more delicious prospect? Love's feet are light, and Ethel, sitting at the piano, did not hear the footfall upon the carpet, but steadily played on. Her pretty face was far more cheerful than it had been a year before, and soft white lace at throat and wrist took off something of the sombre look of her black silk dress. Her fair hair clustered in a baby fringe over her sweet face, and the little smiles crept over her lips as she thought of the delight of Harry and Charlie, who were to come with Margaret to see the tree. The year before they had not been invited to the house where she had gone to play for a children's party, but her own eyes had seen Kate's kind provision for her boys.

Shut your eyes, dear reader. Never mind what was said in that little room, after the first start of delight. Nobody came to them for a long time—no, a short, short, hour; and then a bell tinkled.

'Oh,' Ethel cried, 'the Christmas tree is ready, and the boys must be here. You will see my brothers at last.'

'Yes—I hope—'

'What?'

'Nothing! nothing! I shall be very glad to see them,' was the reply.

But he was dreading it all the time. Would they remember him? They were such little fellows, and a year was such a long time. Still, he was nervous as he followed Ethel upstairs to a sitting room, where children were screaming with delight over a huge Christmas tree. The room was brilliantly lighted as they came in, and Ethel's blushing happiness plainly visible.

But the Graingers wondered 'what ailed Charles Bradley' for fully two minutes. Then they knew, for a voice full of the most eager joy shouted:

'Oh, Harry! There is Ethel and Peter Piper!'

And the deep mystery of Kriss Kringle's Clerk was a secret no longer. Ethel could not be angry, and the boys were quite sure that there must be full and complete happiness in possessing for a brother such a guardian genius of Christmas as Peter Piper had already proved himself to be.

☞ An eccentric farmer, living in Ohio, has a flock of sheep that has not been shorn for six years. The wool has grown over their eyes and is so long that it drags on the ground. On being asked why he did not shear his sheep, Mr. Sellers replied, 'God put the wool on their backs to stay there and there's the cart, and the man is lifting out a basket, marked—'Harry and Charlie Jackson.'

'He said he would tell Kriss Kringle,' the children shrieked. 'Open it Ethel!' oh, open it quick! quick! quick!'

Margaret and a knife soon removed the stout cover, and then followed ecstacy! Treasures of toys, books, games, confection. Every morning, every day delights on top. Then the sled, and under that, dry goods selected with a remembrance of recent mourning, new suits for the boys, and a package of calico, new shawl and money, marked 'Margaret.' Underneath all, a small box marked 'Ethel,' most daintily decorated, full of burnt almonds, and on the top a bank note for five hundred dollars, attached to a scrap of paper, upon which was written 'From an old friend of Ethel's father.

CHAPTER II.

The week that followed Charles Bradley's return to New York was filled with business cares belonging to his father's estate, but not so full but he had many lonely hours. He had been so long away that there were gaps in the list of his old friends, and his recent mourning kept him from accepting the invitations that came to him. Fred Granger was with him often, and finally coaxed him to a quiet family dinner at his brother 'Tom's,' not guessing how much the acceptance was influenced by the casual remark:

'By the way, Kate has engaged Ethel Jackson as daily governess, and you will meet her. Kate thinks she will never be fit to struggle with pupils here, there and everywhere, and she is like one of the family at Tom's.'

'Kate was always kind hearted,' said Charles Bradley, heartily.

'Yes, and fond of Ethel. She is a dear little thing, sweet as a violet, but not fit to manage children, except by coaxing. Kate's worship her, and Kate comes in for the 'heavy business,' when they rebel; so they get along very well.'

'She lives now with her, you said?'

'No, she has a floor, because there are the boys; but she comes early in the morning, and is there all day, gives Mag and Lil music lessons, and A B C's the little ones.'

'Sweet as a violet!' The description came at once to Charles Bradley's memory, when Mrs. Granger introduced her 'friend, Miss Jackson,' to him. So slight and child like that her heavy mourning became more than usually pitiful; so graceful and modest that Charles Bradley, before he had known her an hour, longed to fold her in his strong arms and defy the world to harm her.

It was a pleasant dinner party, a still more pleasant evening. Kate Grainger possessed the rare gift of drawing shy people out of themselves, and her heart was set upon showing Ethel off to the best advantage. Memory helped too, as the girl had a very good recollection of the lad who was her friend when she was still a child. Then there was so much to tell of that seven years when the two were separated; and while Fred Grainger was confidently asking if 'those two were not getting on famously,' Charles Bradley was once more blessing his father's resolution, that had kept him from a life of misery with a vulgar wife.

'You will come in often?' Kate said, when her guest stood ready to escort her governess home.

'I am afraid if I come as often as I would, you will regret your invitation,' he said, cheerily.

'I will risk it! Consider this a second home!' said Tom, who had been sleeping peacefully in his chair for an hour or so.

And Charles Bradley availed himself of the offered hospitality to the most liberal extent.

It was amazing to see the ingenuity of Mrs. Grainger in devising excuses to detain Ethel beyond her duty hours. Now it was some new music to be tried, now a knitting stich to be explained, now a hand wanted for whist; but always before the evening was over Charles Bradley was sure to appear, and act as escort to her home.

And the hours so spent flew by upon rosy wings for Ethel. Safe in the protec ion of her friend, questioning nothing of the cause of her new conduct, the gentle girl let her love go from her, not knowing the loss. It was enough for her that this old new friend was always so ready to meet her in every thought she expressed, so full of sympathy, so interested in all concerning her. Sometimes she sighed a wish that he had been her brother, the protector of her darling boys; but she did not yet realize his desire to be their brother, and not hers.

In the summer the Graingers went to a farm house, where Tom had sent them for several years, and where Ethel carried Her violin, breaking into that Christmas gift to pay their board. Mr. Bradley did not join the party, owing to the advice of that arch schemer, Kate Grainger. Long before, she had seen his love, and Ethel's quiet friendship, and she advised:

'Don't come near us all summer. I want Ethel to learn you.'

'But she will forget me!'

'A likely story.'

'Or somebody else—'

'Trust me for that. Besides, if somebody else is preferred, you would not care for supplanting him.'

'You are right. But Kate, don't let her forget us.'

And Kate did not. Never were a lover's praises more judiciously sounded, never a hero more skillfully painted. If Ethel had not already loved, Kate must have won her heart for Charles Bradley in those long summer days. And her friend's own heart was in the tender task. Since her own marriage, Kate Grainger had been thrown into Charles Bradley's society constantly, before his long absence from home, and had become fond of him. On his return she had seen at once how the seven years of self dependence had turned the petty boy into a man worthy of all honor. Not that he was remarkable for any exceptional genius or excellence, but he was manly, frank, honorable, and better than all, Kate's eyes, tender of heart, sympathetic and domestic.

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THE REASON WHY.

BY LETTIE S BIGELOW.

Why I love you? Tell me first
Why rivers to the ocean run
And dewdrops sparkle in the sun;
Why roses blush, and lilies pale,
Wooed ever by the same love tale.

Cannot help it? Then you know
The secret of the song of birds,
And fall of dew, like saintly words;
Why daisies bare their hearts to view
And mine I show to none but you.

—[The Independent.

THE SNOW-STORM.

(N. Y. Sunday Times.)

About the year 1811—a period so memorable in the history of Russia—there lived on his domain of Nenaradof a rich proprietor named Gabrilovitch. He was noted for his hospitable habits. His house was at all times open to his friends and neighbors, who resorted there in the evenings—the elder ones in order to enjoy a quiet game of cards with their host and his wife Petrowna; the younger in the hope of gaining the good graces of Mari, a fair girl of seventeen, the only child and heiress of Gabrilovitch.

Meri used to read French romances, and, as the natural and necessary consequence, was deeply in love. The object of her affection was an almost penniless young ensign belonging to the neighborhood, and then at home on leave, who returned her love with equal ardor. It is scarcely necessary to add that the young lady's parents had strictly forbidden her to think of such an alliance; and whenever they met the lover they received him with about that amount of friendliness which they would have bestowed on an ex-collector of taxes. Our young lovers, however, managed to keep up a correspondence and used to meet in secret beneath the shadow of the pine grove or the old chapel. On these occasions they, of course, vowed eternal constancy, accused fate of unjust rigor, and formed various projects. At length they naturally came to the conclusion that, as the will of cruel parents opposed their marriage, they might very well accomplish it in secret. It was the young gentleman who first propounded this proposition, and it was most favorably received by the young lady.

The approach of winter put a stop to their interviews, but the r correspondence went on with increased frequency and fervor. In each of his letters Vladimir Nicolevitch conjured his beloved to leave her home, and consent to a private marriage. 'We will dis appear,' he said, 'for a short time; then one day we will go and throw ourselves at our parents' feet, who, touched by our heroic constancy, will exclaim, 'Children, come to our arms!' For a long time Mari hesitated. At length it was agreed that on a certain day she should not appear at supper but retire early to her room, on the pretext of a violent headache. Her waiting-maid was in the secret and they were both to slip out through a back door, near which they would find sledges waiting to convey them to the chapel of Jadrino, about five versts distant, where Vladimir and the priest would await them.

Having made her preparations and written a long letter of excuse to her parents, Mari retired at an early hour to her room. During the day she had complained of a headache, which was certainly more than a pretext, for nervous excitement had made her really ill. Her father and mother watched her tenderly, and constantly asked: 'How do you feel now, Mari; are you still suffering?' Their fond solicitude went to the girl's heart, and with the approach of evening her agitation increased. At dinner she ate nothing, and soon afterwards rose to take leave of her parents. They embraced her, and, according to their usual custom, gave her their blessing. Mari could scarcely refrain from sobbing. When she reached her chamber she threw herself into an armchair and wept aloud. Her waiting-maid tried to console and cheer her, and at length succeeded.

There was a snow-storm that night; the wind howled outside the house and shook the windows. The young girl, however, as soon as the household had retired to rest, wrapped herself up in thick mufflings and, followed by her maid, carrying a valise, gained the outer door. They found a sledge, drawn by three horses, awaiting them; and they got into it, and started off at a rapid pace. We will leave them to pursue their journey, while we return to Vladimir.

All that day he had been actively employed. In the morning he had visited the priest of Jadrina in order to arrange with him about performing the ceremony; and then he set off to procure the necessary witnesses. The first acquaintance he met from home addressed himself was a half-pay officer, who willingly consented to what he wished. 'Such an adventure,' he said, 'reminded him pleasantly of the days of his youth.' He prevailed on Valdimir to remain with him, promising to procure for him the other two witnesses. Accordingly there appeared at dinner Count Skibinski, with his long mustaches and spurs; and the son of Captain Ispravnick, a lad of seventeen, who had just entered the Uhlan corps. Both promised Vladimir to stand by him to the last; and the happy lover, having cordially embraced his three friends, returned to his dwelling in order to complete his preparations. Having made sure that the man whom he could rely with the sledge for Mari, he himself got into a one-horse sledge and started for Jaurino. Scarcely had he set out when the storm commenced with violence; and soon every trace of the road was obliterated. The entire horizon was covered with a thick yellow cloud, whence fell masses rather than flakes of snow; and soon all distinction between land and sky was lost. In vain did Vladimir try to find his way. His horse went on at random, sometimes climbing over heaps of snow, sometimes falling into ravines. Every moment the sledge was in imminent danger of being upset; and, in addition, the pleasant conviction forced itself on Vladimir that he had lost his way. The wood of Jadrino was now to be seen; and after two hours of this sort of work the poor horse was ready to drop from fatigue.

At length a sort of dark line became visible in front; he urged his horse onwards and found himself on the borders of a forest. 'Oh,' he exclaimed, 'I am all right now; I shall easily find my way to Jadrino.' He entered the forest, of which the branches were so thickly interlaced that the snow had not penetrated through them, and the road was easy to follow. The horse pricked up his ears and went on readily, while Vladimir felt his spirits revive.

However, as they say in the fairy tales, he went on and on, and yet could not find Jadrino. His poor, tired steed with the utmost difficulty dragged him to the other side of the forest; and, by the time he arrived there, the storm had ceased, and the moon shone out. No appearance, however, of Jadrino; before him lay extended a large plain, towards the centre of which the poor traveler descried a cluster of four or five houses. He hastened towards the nearest, and, descending from the sledge, knocked at the window. A small door in the shutter opened, and the white beard of an old man appeared.

'What do you wan' ?'

'Is it far to Jadrino?'

'Jadrino! About ten versts.'

At this reply Vladimir felt like a criminal condemned to execution.

'Can you,' said he, 'furnish me with horses to go there.'

'We have no horses.'

'Well, then, a guide; I will give him whatever he asks.'

'Wait, then,' said the old man; 'I'll send you my son.'

The window was carefully closed, and a considerable time elapsed. Vladimir, whose impatience became quite uncontrolable, knocked again loudly at the shutter.

The old man reappeared.

'What do you want ?'

'Your son.'

'He's coming; he is dressing himself. Are you cold? Come in and warm yourself.'

'No, no; send out your son.'

At length a young lad, with a stout stick in his hand, made his appearance, and led the way across the snow covered plain.

'What o'clock is it?' asked Vladimir.

'Day will soon break.'

The sun's rays indeed, had begun to gild the east, and the village cocks were crowing when they arrived at Jadrino. The church door was closed. Vladimir having paid and dismissed his guide, hastened towards the priests dwelling.

What was he about to hear,

Let us first inquire what was going on in the mansion of the master of Nenandof. Just nothing at all. In the morning the husband and wife got up as usual and went into the eating room—Gabriel Gabrilovitch in his woolen vest and his night cap, and Petrowna in her dressing gown.

Tea was served, and Gabriel sent a maid to inquire for Mari. The girl returned with a message that her young mistress had passed a restless night, but that she now felt better, and was coming down. In a few minutes Mari entered and embraced her parents.

'How do you feel, my poor little one?' asked her father.

'Better,' was the answer.

The day passed on as usual; but towards evening Mari became more ill and feverish. The family physician was summoned from the nearest town, and when he arrived he found his patient in a high fever. During fourteen days she continued on the brink of the grave.

Nothing was known of her nocturnal flight, as the waiting maid, for her own sake, was prudently silent on the subject; nor did any of the other accomplices, even after having drunk with, breathe a word on the subject, so much did all parties dread the wrath of Gabrile. Mari, however, during her delirium, raved so incessantly about Vladimir, that her mother could not doubt that her illness was caused by love. She and her husband consulted some of their friends on the subject; and, as the result of the conference, it was unanimously decided that Mari was destined to marry the ensign—that one cannot avoid one's fate—that riches do not insure happiness—and other fine maxims of the same kind.

The invalid recovered. Vladimir, during her illness, had never appeared at the house; and it was determined that his unexpected good fortune should be announced to him—that he should be told he was now free to marry his beloved. What was the astonishment of the proud owners of Nenandorf, when they received in reply a letter from the young ensign, in which he declared he would never enter their dwelling again, and prayed them to forget an unhappy being, for whom death was the only refuge!

A few days afterward they learned that Vladimir had rejoined the army. It was in 1812. No one ever mentioned his name to Mari, nor did she herself allude to him in any way. Two or three months elapsed, and one day she saw his name mentioned among the officers who had distinguished themselves at the battle of Borodino, and who were mortally wounded. She fainted, and had a relapse of fever, from which she slowly recovered.

Not long afterward her father died, leaving her the reversion of his whole property. Wealth, however, brought her no consolation; she wept with her mother, and vowed never to leave her. They left their residence at Nenandorf, and took up their abode on another estate. Numerous suitors thronged around her, and lovely heiress, but to none of them did she vouchsafe the smallest encouragement. Her mother often implored her to choose a husband; but she silently shook her head. Vladimir was no more; he expired at Moscow on the eve of the day the French entered that city. To Mari, his memory seemed sacred; she treasured up the books they had read together, his drawings, and the notes he had written to her—everything that could perpetuate the remembrance of the unhappy young man.

About that time a war, glorious for our country, ended. The triumphant regiments returned from the frontiers, and the people rushed in crowds to greet them. The officers who had set out as mere striplings, came back with stern martial countenances, their brave breasts covered with orders. Time of ineffaceable glory! How the heart of the Russian then bounded at the name of his country.

A colonel of hussars, named Vourmin, wearing in his buttonhole the cross of St. George, and on his face an interesting paleness, came to spend a few months leave of absence on his estate, which joined that where Mari was residing. The young girl received him with far more show of favor than she had hitherto bestowed on any of her visitors. They resembled each other in many particulars; both were handsome pleasing, intellectual, silent and reserved. There was a species of mystery in the demeaner of Vourmin which piqued the curiosity and excited the interest of the heiress. He evidently admired her, paid her every possible attention—nay did he not several times love? He had acquired the habit of fixing his bright dark eyes on hers, half in reverie and half with an expression that seemed to declare the approach of a decisive explanation. Already the neighbors spoke of the marriage as a decided business; and Petrowna rejoiced at the thought that her daughter would at length have a husband worthy of her.

One morning, when the good lady was seated in her drawing room, Vourmin entered and inquired for Mari.

'She is in the garden,' replied Petrowna. 'You will find her there, if you wish to see her.'

The colonel went out hastily, and Petrowna, making the sign of the cross, murmured to herself, 'God be praised! I hope everything will be arranged to day.'

Vourmin found his lady love dressed in white, seated beneath a tree, close by a lake, with a book on her knee, like any heroine of roman e. After the interchange of a few commonplace sentences, Vourmin, with considerable agitation, told her that for a long time he had been desirous of opening his mind to her, and now prayed her to listen to him for a few moments. She closed her book, and cast down her eyes in a token of assent.

'I love you!' exclaimed Vourmin—'I love you ardently!'

Mari bent down her head a little more.

'I have committed the imprudence of seeing you, of listening to you, every day. (Mari recollected the first letter of St. Preux. The memory of your sweet face and gentle voice will form henceforward the joy and torture of my existence; but I have a duty to fulfil towards you. I must reveal to you a strange secret, which places between us an insurmountable barrier.'

'That barrier,' murmured Mari, 'has always existed. I could never become your wife.'

'I know,' replied Vourmin in a low voice, 'that you have loved; but death, and three years of mourning—Dearest Mari, do not take away from me my last consolation; do not deprive me of the happiness of thinking that you might have been mine, if not—'

'Hush!' cried Mari. 'Cease I conjure you; you pierce me through the heart.'

'Yes, I have the consoling thought that you would have been mine. But I am the most unfortunate of men—I am married!'

Mari raised her eyes with a look of amazement.

'I am married,' resumed the colonel—married these four years, and neither know who my wife is nor *where* she is nor whether I shall ever meet her.'

'What can you mean? What is the mistery? But go on, I beg of you; I will tell you afterwards——'

'Here, then,' said the colonel, 'are the facts. In the year 1812 I was going to Wilna, to join my regiment. I arrived late one evening at a station, and had just given orders to have the horses immediately harnessed, when suddenly there arose a violent snowstorm. The master of the house and the postilion both strongly advised me to defer my journey; but, tempest or no tempest, I was resolved to push on. The postilion took it into his head that he could shorten the way by crossing a river whose banks he knew very well. However, he missed the right ford, and brought me to a place which was totally strange to him. The storm continued to rage, but at length we descried a distant light. I hastened towards it, and found myself outside a church, whence the light proceeded. The door was open. Sledges were waiting inside, and several persons were standing in the porch. One of them called to me: 'This way! This way!' I got out of my sledge, and entered the church. One of the people in the porch said:

'In the name of Heaven, what has delayed you? The bride has fainted, and we were all on the point of returning home.'

'Half bewildered and half amused, I resolved to follow up the adventure. Indeed I was allowed no time to deliberate, for my impatient friends hurried me into the interior of the church, which was faintly lit up by two or three torches. A girl was seated on a bench in the shadow, while another, standing beside her, was rubbing her temples.

'At length,' said the latter; 'God be praised that you are come! My mistress was near dying.'

'An old priest approached and said, 'Shall we begin?'

'Oh, begin by all means, my reverend father!' replied I, giddily.

'They assisted the young girl to rise; she seemed very pretty. Through a levity quite unpardonable, and, as I now seems to me, inconceivable, I advanced beside her to the altar. Her servant and the three men who were present were so much occupied about her, that they scarcely glanced at me; besides, the light, as I have said, was very dim, and my head was enveloped in the fur hood of my traveling pelisse. In a few moments we were married.

'Embrace each other,' said one of the witnesses. My wife turned her pale face towards me. For an instant she gazed as if petrified, then falling backwards, she exclaimed:

'It is not he! It is not he!'

'Out of the church I rushed, before the astonished priest and the bridal party had time to think of arresting my flight. I jumped into the sledge, and soon left all pursuit behind.

'And,' said Mari, 'did you ever ascertain what become of that poor woman?'

'Never. I did not know the name of the village where I was married, nor can I recollect that of the station where I last stopped. At that time so little importance did I attach to my criminal levity, that when all danger of pursuit was over, I fell asleep in the sledge and did not awake until I found myself at another station. The servant whom I had with me was killed in battle, so that every clue seems lost by which I might discover the scene of that folly which I now expiate so dearly.'

Mari turned her pale face fully towards him, and seized his hands.

'What! cried Vourmin, 'was it you?'

'Don't you recognize me?'

A long and close embrace was the reply.

A RURAL REMONSTRANCE.

BY THOMAS P. ANDERSON.

Old farmer Winrow raised his head,
And laid aside his paper;
His spectacles slid down his nose
And rested on its taper.

"Wall, I declar'!" he cried aloud;
"This beats the very dickens!
They've gone an' shitted roun' the time,
As sure as chicks is chickens.

I never heerd, upon my word,
Of anything to boat it,
I ra'lly think them city folks
Hev got theer minds unseated.

An' what is this I read in hear?
Great Cæsar! Save the flock!
They're goin' to stretch the hours out
To twenty-four o'clock!"

The worthy farmer scratched his ear
In deepest meditation;
He gazed perpiexed upon the clock
With mental agitation.

For sixty years I've ploughed along
As reg'lar as the sun, sir,
An' used the good, old fashioned time
Without a hitch, by gum! sir.

But times hev undergone a shift,
If I be not mistaken,
An' some new cranks try every day
To give this world a shakin'.

They string my fields with telephones,
Or some new-fangled trashes,
They send out one-wheeled railway trains
To everlastin' smashes.

An' yet, they be not satisfied
With the customs they hev slander'd,
But they must go an' tigerize
A new an' fresh 'time standard.'

I ra'lly shouldn't be surprised,
Nor my old woman, 'ther,
If them thar city lunatics
Should drap time altogether.

An' some fine day, when we arise,
Our daily race to run,
We'll find that while we're bin asleep
They've turned aroun the sun!

But ra'lly now, I didn't think
(Nor my old Sal, I reckons)
They'd go an' steal from Father Time
Some fifty score of seconds.

Ah! now I see ther little game!
As I'm a calculator
They've backed theer clocks a quarter-hour
To sleep a little later.

—[Boston Courier.

THE DIET OF CHINESE.

[Phrenological Journal.]

Excluding beef and dairy products, Chinamen eat everything that is edible, horse and ass flesh, snakes, rats, mice, dogs, grasshoppers, spiders, worms, cocoons, sea cucumbers, swallows' nests, and so on, says a writer in the St. Petersburg Messenger. Once, while living in a villa near Peking, I saw a very strange scene. There appeared a cloud of grasshoppers. Suddenly the field was covered with Chinamen, who ran frantically hither and thither, gathering them in. They filled large sacks and bags with the insects. They carried